THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 1, 1907 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

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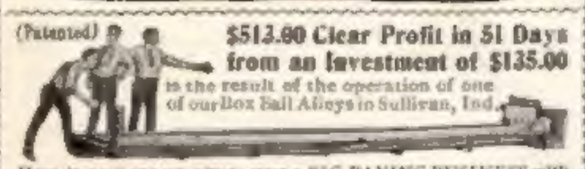

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To Our Canadian Readers

The Canadian government has increased fourfold the rate of postage on American periodicals sent to Canada. We are, therefore, forced into making a corresponding increase in the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to Canadian subscribers. Hereafter the subscription price of THE POST when sent to Canada will be TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF THE YEAR. This increase in price will partially meet this advanced cost of mailing. Canadian subscriptions *already on our list* will be continued to the expiration of their present terms without further payment. We will ourselves pay the additional cost of mailing these subscriptions already entered.

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By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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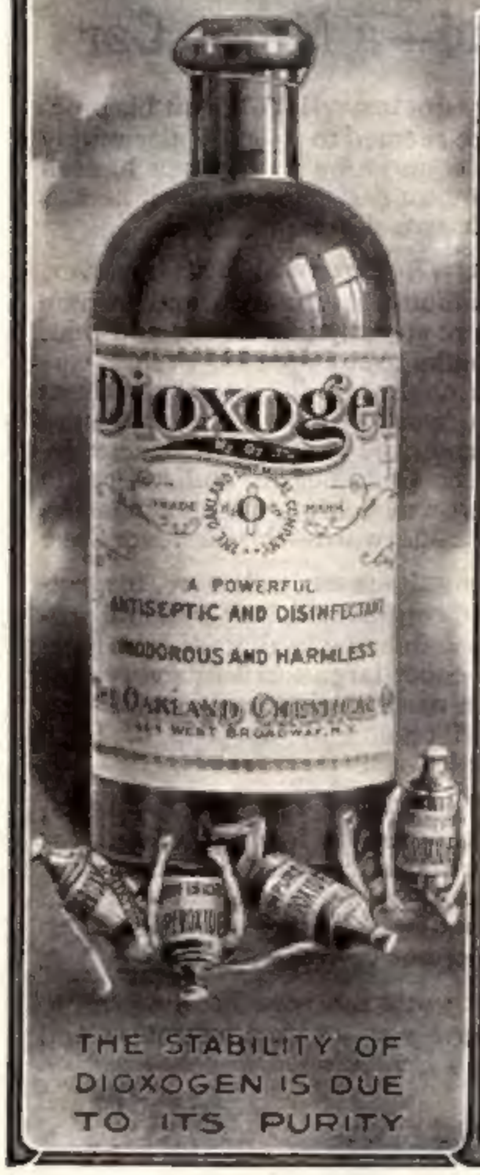

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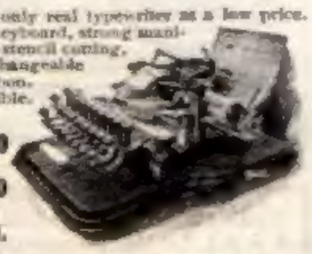

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

WOMEN WHO SEW

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

She had Always One Eye on the Pushcarts

MARY and I were moving into our little "four rooms and a bath" in a tenement on the East Side of New York City. All the afternoon two men had been carrying our furniture up the four flights of narrow, dirty stairs, and as they passed the different doors, bewigged and becurled heads popped out, and black eyes took stock of our belongings. These eyes saw no gay rugs, no plush furniture, no brass beds; and the wicker chairs and bookcases did not seem to impress them favorably.

At last everything was tumbled into our flat, and we sat down exhausted among the débris. Mary rubbed an aching shoulder and looked compassionately at another crowded tenement over the way.

"Poor things," she sighed. "If we ourselves feel a little queer, think what it must be for them, born in another country, of another race, and speaking another language. Do you suppose they ever grow to feel at home here?"

There was a knock at the door, and a little, black-browed child came in with a steaming baked fish reeking of garlic and swimming in oil.

"My gran'mudder," she said—"My gran'mudder, she haf a glad you come. She say you was strangers, and she send this for your eat."

And into the social life of this foreign city we were welcomed as strangers within our own gates by our janitress, Mrs. Shapro, the woman who had sent us the fish. She was a typical woman of the Ghetto, the wife and mother of garment-workers. For in this great sweatshop, where the Jews make the clothes for America, one-half the men and many of the women work in the garment trades.

We had known that this was a congested district and that the block diagonally opposite us was the most crowded in the world; but just what this meant we had not understood till we learned that a family had had to be evicted in order to make room for us. Mrs. Shapro told us about it after we had been in for a week. She said that the landlord had heard we were looking for a flat and had promptly raised the rent twenty per cent. to our predecessors; that they had not been able to pay because the man was a "Cloth Hat and Cap Maker," and his union was on a strike. His wife was working as a finisher, but she did not earn much, and they had to go.

It was a bitter beginning for our East Side life, especially as we were unable even to find the family in that floating population, much less do anything for them.

As we settled ourselves and began to feel more at home, the lives of our neighbors opened to us a little, though not much. We must always be observers only, for were we not Christians? There could be sympathy and companionship, even friendship and affection, between us, but never understanding. The indoor life of the Ghetto was always shut to us. We only saw it dimly, had glimpses here and there, surmised and inferred.

The great stream of social life, however, was in full view. It swept through the streets by day and night; a great, open salon, where business, pleasure and education were simultaneous, continuous, one and inseparable. I spent long mornings seated at the door of our building, watching the life as in a theatre, with Mrs. Shapro beside me as a sort of phonographic libretto to interpret what I saw. She had to be there to keep an eagle eye upon the garbage cans, for a soulless ordinance decrees that ashes, garbage and papers shall be put in separate receptacles, and makes the janitor responsible to the authorities.

Mrs. Shapro was a vast, inchoate, figureless female, swathed in numberless petticoats, wrapped in a knitted shawl and surmounted by the frankly undeceptive brown wig which proclaimed her an orthodox Yiddish frau. She had always one eye on the pushcarts which were fitted together like mosaic work against the curbs—about one hundred and twenty of them to the block—watching for whatever her housekeeping needed, and she usually found it. For the pushcarts bore everything a family can use, from cot-beds and curtains, to furs and apple-tarts.

They are the great source of supply for the Ghetto, and, though they carry always a cheap grade of things, I discovered that such commodities as tinware and kitchen utensils cost more than in the department stores. This, however, Mrs. Shapro would not believe. She and the other garment-workers' wives looked upon buying anything in a store as an extravagance only to be indulged in occasionally as a sign of wealth, and so all the morning these women trailed by with dragging skirts, beshawled but hatless, haggling and bargaining up and down the shifting scale of prices.

Slowly I began to learn, together with the natural history of the East Side, the story of Mrs. Shapro's own immediate family. Her husband and their two elder sons had been in the garment trades ever since they came to America—for the good and sufficient reason that there was nothing else which would bring in immediate returns to unskilled men unable to speak English. Once in, these men had had no chance to get out. Only the eldest son had escaped by dying of consumption, and he had left a wife and little daughter on the hands of his parents. The other two men still sewed miles of seams and pressed acres of cloth from year's end to year's end.

Mrs. Shapro's widowed daughter-in-law had gone to work in a milliner's shop on Division Street, and her child was with her grandmother all day. Little Sarah was Mrs. Shapro's chief delight and care. She was seven years old, and whenever the grandmother was seated beside the door Sarah was allowed to play in the streets. The rest of the time she watched these same streets from the fire-escape. The grandmother had made this into a playground by laying pieces of board over the hole which communicated with the ladder.

Of course, this was against the law; but nobody told Mrs. Shapro that, and even if she had been told, she had come from a country where law and oppression meant the same thing.

Even the political ideas of the garment-workers' wives are limited strictly by their personal interests.

During the Hearst campaign I heard much talk on what was to them the chief issue—that is, the promised reduction in the price of gas. The broad bearing of municipal ownership was talked about by the men, but the women simply considered its direct application to their households. Whenever the speakers mounted a wagon or a pile of boxes on the corner, there was a fair percentage of women in the crowd which gathered around there.

Night after night they listened to the campaign promises, and whenever there came a reference to cheaper gas they joined in the cheers. Politics was not their vocation, but the financial situation was continually talked over in the doorway. I gathered that investments in real estate were considered the most profitable thing in the quarter. These women certainly did not encourage their husbands in any sort of speculation, or any enterprises which did not offer definite visible security, though the attacks on the trusts and corporations had reached them but faintly through the Yiddish papers.

In fact, an attitude of irresponsibility was characteristic of them, except in things connected with their religion, in matters of family finance, and in the marriages of their children. As to cleanliness, though, they were fearfully limited by material conditions. In the district directly south of the one where we lived, which centres about Henry Street, it has been estimated that there is one bathtub to every forty families, and when it is considered that families average nine or ten members, it can easily be seen what this implies. In our neighborhood there were many new tenements, so that the disproportion was not so appalling, but even then we were surprised to find why it was that we could only get hot water during the early part of the day. The tenants in our building had developed the hospitable custom of offering their less fortunate neighbors a bath, as one would offer a caller a cup of tea, and this hospitality was constantly accepted.

One of the substitutes for the bath I discovered through little Sarah and her special friend, Rosie Finkelstein. I saw them one hot day sitting on the curb behind a pushcart. Rosie slipped a dirty hand into

"My Gran'mudder, She haf a Glad You Come"

a fragmentary pocket and exposed to Sarah's envious eyes five copper pennies.

"Where d'you get 'em off?" she asked.

"My fadder."

"It ain't."

"It is, too. He said to take a bat' by the Settlement."

"Maybe they take five cents by the Settlement for a bat'?"

"Yes."

"Bat's is very nice, too. We got a bat' place by our house. It don't take nothing off me when I take a bat'."

There was a sudden scattering of pushcarts from both sides of the street, and two men in white appeared to give the street its daily flushing. The little girls sprang to their feet, alert for one of their pleasures. As the arch of water from the nozzle of the hose waved back and forth, they ran under it again and again, trying to push each other into the flashing spray while keeping dry themselves. It was a lively game, in which the men with the hose played their part, turning the water suddenly from side to side till both children were well soaked. When the men had gone on past Rivington Street the children sat down again on the curb and Rosie suggested that they spend her five pennies for ice cream.

"But aren't you going to take that bath at the Settlement?" I asked her.

Her soft, black eyes looked up into mine, and her soft, red lips parted wonderingly. "What for shall I?" she answered. "I am all of a wet now."

Sarah, I happened to know, was bathed with praiseworthy regularity and comparative frequency. But in the matter of washing, Mrs. Shapro considered that the body was more than raiment; for, though Sarah had for Sabbath a white dress and white ribbons for her hair and white shoes and stockings, on ordinary occasions there are not words in English to describe her appearance. She was swaddled in colorless garments having no relation to one another or her; brassy, misshapen safety-pins appeared at the most unlikely points; objectless buttons and idle buttonholes stared at each other across unbridgable gaps; irregularly ventilated stockings hid in mismated shoes at one end, and at the other vanished under torn and dirty frills. A knitted shawl in process of disintegration into its original elements was wrapped about her, and an unspeakably gnawed and mangy Tam o'Shanter perched itself upon her hair.

As personal cleanliness is limited for the garment-worker's wife by the paucity of bathtubs, so is her ability to economize limited by the lack of storerooms. Even in our comparatively large flat we had no place to store fuel, so we were forced to consider our laundry tubs as coal-hole and wood-box, respectively. We could send our clothes to a laundry, but there was no way to heat the flat except by the coal-stove in the kitchen. Accordingly, we bought coal by the sack, and careful computation developed the fact that we were paying at the rate of twenty-eight dollars a ton. So it would seem an unpardonable extravagance for the garment-worker's wife either to keep warm or to eat cooked food.

But among all the unloveliness of the Ghetto there is one heavenly quality—there is no night there. The passing show sweeps by unceasingly. All day the streets are full of the sound of traffic in German, Yiddish, Russian; language in solution, from which is precipitating English speech. All night there is music and laughter and singing in the streets. The life slackens somewhat between two and five in the morning, but it never stops. There was the wife of a "presser" living across the way from us who used to take her baby out in its carriage between one and two in the morning, and she usually found some other mother and baby with whom to promenade the streets. Everywhere and always there are gas and electric lights. They are never turned out till the sun comes. Literally, there is no night there.

As in the mornings I sat in the doorway with Mrs. Shapro, so in the evenings I sat there with her youngest daughter. How the girl, who I learned had Americanized her name of Leah into Louise, could be so pretty on the food which Mrs. Shapro set before her household I have never been able to understand. How could any human skin withstand the attack of the vitriolic pickles which formed part of every meal—of the strong, bitter coffee, and of the floods of grease in which everything was cooked? It has been estimated that the Jews of the East Side spend one-third as much for pickles and condiments, as they do for bread. But none of these things had dimmed Louise's bright eyes, faded her rich color or subdued her strong, curly hair.

Six Dollars a Week for Fourteen Hours' Work a Day

The girl made the most of all these advantages. One warm evening Louise and I were seated within the entry door. She was dressed and posed with a view to the effect from the street, for she kept pushing her belt down in front and readjusting the bows in her hair.

Louise Shapro was certainly not popular in the neighborhood. She hid the hardness which had been forced upon her by her struggle with material conditions, under a too thin layer of softness. She was too generally and acridly critical, too evidently intent on bettering herself matrimonially, too inclined to turn against her own race. Still she had a number of admirers with whom she walked about the streets and ate ice cream, though as yet she had not acquired a "gentleman friend." She was far too pretty and too bright not to have had opportunities to marry if she had chosen, but she had set her heart on a marriage which would take her off the East Side, and such opportunities were not common.

I found that she had a mental list of all the men whom she had any chance of meeting in connection with the Settlement, and of their social and financial status. They were arranged in the order of desirability, and any new arrival was immediately catalogued and fitted into his proper place. As these men married or went away and new ones came, this list had constantly to be revised, but it seldom got out of date, for gossip, especially matrimonial, travels fast on the East Side.

"Ain't Mr. Arnold the swell thing?" she said, as a departing guest of Mary's passed us in the hall. "I'm just dying to meet him. Don't you think he's grand?"

"Why, yes, we like him very much."

"Is he going to stay at the Settlement all winter?"

"I think so. He is helping with the athletic clubs."

"Wouldn't you think a rich feller like that'd want to live somewhere else?"

"What makes you think that Mr. Arnold is rich?"

"Oh—say! What'd he live down here for if he wasn't? Wouldn't he be making money someway—Yes?"

"But he likes to live here. It's the most interesting place in New York—don't you think so?"

Louise looked at me skeptically out of her over-observant black eyes. "Um-m-m," she drawled tentatively. "It's different with people like you and him. You can leave when you like, but I belong here. I'm part of the show, and I hate it. I'm going to get out of it someway."

I had no reply to make, for what she said was exactly true. I was happy and interested because I was an on-looker; because whenever the play bored me I could leave. Louise was one of the performers. She must stay till the curtain was rung down.

"Yes," she continued more slowly, "I ain't going to live on the East Side. It ain't the place to live. My mother thinks that having water running in the house, and a bathtub, and gaslight, and brick walls, and paved streets, and such things, makes everything all right, because she didn't have 'em in Galicia. But I don't see it that way. I'm not for it. I ain't going to marry any man that has to live on the East Side. Why, look at Miriam Solomon. She was the prettiest girl in the Margaret Fuller Club till she got married. Of course, her husband's got a good business, but she'll live and die on the East Side! She's got a nice flat—I know she furnished it like yours. But furniture ain't so much. I'd rather have plush furniture, anyway. I know you don't care about plush because, I guess, you've had it all your life; but it's different with me. I've never had it and I want it."

I suppose every one, either individually or in their immediate ancestry, must go through the plush stage. It need not manifest itself literally in plush. It may appear in crayon portraits, or imitation ermine scarfs, but the stage is the same. It spoke well for Louise's intelligence that, though she had longed for the plane of plush, she realized that her stay in it would be only transitory.

At this point in our conversation Mrs. Feldman descended the stairs, with her great diamond earrings twinkling above a white kimono. She kissed Louise and me impartially and established herself beside us. She was the social oracle of the tenement, the childless wife of a small cloak contractor. She was always smiling and placid and breathed an atmosphere of prosperity. She was the only woman in the building who boasted a servant, and, though the one whom she employed was a poor, half-crazy creature, inefficient to a degree, it evidently afforded Mrs. Feldman much gratification to see her slopping water in the tiny kitchen or slicing the everlasting garlic. On ordinary days Mrs. Feldman wore the usual costume of a garment-worker's wife—a colorless skirt and apron, and a collarless waist confining an uncorseted figure. But on social occasions, as when she returned my call, she somehow shrank into the conventional "straight front" beneath a black crêpe de chine, and the great liquid diamonds which dangled in her ears were veritable blocks of portable property.

No one could help being fond of Mrs. Feldman—and Louise was like the rest of us in this—she was so good-natured and kindly, so lacking in the worldly wisdom which such a woman of forty would naturally have, and of which the twenty-year-old Louise had already so large a share. Louise also liked me, chiefly, I think, because I represented to her some of the things for which she was striving.

If Mrs. Feldman had ever worn the marriage wig, that time was long past, for her pretty, plump face was framed by her own jet-black curls.

She, however, was the only one of the older married women of the building who was entirely emancipated into wiglessness.

Mrs. Fuchs, for instance, who came past us as we sat in the hall, was in a painful stage of transition. The wearing or not wearing of her wig had become a question of her state of mind. To-night she had drawn the ends of her own hair, which were some three or four inches long, to the back of her head and pinned on an ill-matched switch in a rough coil. When Louise noticed this she sprang to her feet and held out her hand to Mrs. Fuchs effusively.

Haggling Up and Down the Shifting Scale of Prices

"I am glad you have good luck!" she exclaimed with pretended interest. "Ain't it great? Did you hear about what's happened to the Fuchses?" And she turned suddenly to me.

"No," I replied innocently.

"Well, neither did I," she laughed. "But I know it's something great or Mrs. Fuchs wouldn't dast go without her wig. When she breaks a dish, or a cat drinks up the milk, or it is only the Sabbath, she is sure to wear it. Oh, I can always tell if she has bad luck!"

Mrs. Fuchs jerked away and panted up the stairs, leaving a flood of vituperative Yiddish behind her. I had noticed the intermittent character of that wig, and now Louise's sarcasm had explained that the woman only wore it when she needed moral support under some misfortune. It had become a sort of fetish.

"But your mother wears her wig all the time," I reminded the girl.

"Well, it's different with her—see? She looks like a walking synagogue, all right, with that old door-mat on her head. But I ain't got no kick, because she wears it all the time. She thinks it ain't the right thing for her to leave it off. But this Mrs. Fuchs—say—I ain't got no use for that woman. She don't know what she does want. She dassn't either throw away her wig or cut her hair again. Gee—she makes me tired!"

The relation between Louise and her mother was a curious one, a mingling of the past and the present. Mrs. Shapro's racial pride was in her sons; but, somehow, under these American conditions, her daughters had more nearly satisfied her ambition. Was not her married daughter living in Harlem? Had she not the whole of a five-room flat for her own family? Yes. And now Leah—er—Louise was getting eight dollars a week in a department store. A son, she found, must create prosperity for himself; a daughter might marry it. And so she encouraged Louise to spend most of what she earned upon clothes, gloried in her flamboyant hats, her startling shirtwaists and the extremely stylish and obvious walk she had acquired.

Mrs. Shapro was as averse as the daughter herself to a son-in-law working in the garment trades. In her eyes it was almost better that Louise should not marry at all than that she should marry a machine operator. She would have been content with a young lawyer or doctor, or even with a teacher; but only a garment-worker who had risen to the stage of contractor might meet her approval.

This hatred of the garment trade is common to every garment-worker's wife. They hate the work by which they live. At first I did not understand it. I did not realize how small is the regular arc through which the life of the garment-worker swings—first the boy pulling the basting-threads; then the finisher sewing the buttons and the smaller things; next the operator, master of the power machine; and then the presser, the man at his best strength, using the electric iron till his very bones are tired. Then back to the machine for a brief time; and last, work for the second-hand clothes man, until the weak eyes, the trembling hands and the tired nerves all wear out together.

And in all these stages the garment-worker's wife is as much concerned as the man himself. It is she who must stretch the eighteen dollars a week earned by the man in his prime during the busy season to cover the lean months when there is little work, and to provide for the children and for their own old age. As a matter of fact, she is rarely able to do this unaided. She must depend on taking lodgers, on working in the sweatshop herself in emergencies, and on the work that her children can do during the vacation or in defiance of the law; and she must count on their ability to support her when she is old. Less and less can the garment-worker's wife look to the garment-worker for support.

During my year in the tenement, Mr. Shapro, from being a machine operator, sank to the shop of a second-hand clothes man. I gathered from words that Louise had dropped, from a certain emotional limpness about his wife, and from the late hour at which I used to see his bent, bearded figure toiling up the stairs with a hand pressed to one bending knee to help him up the last few steps, how hard a thing work in the second-hand clothing shop was. But one day I had a chance to see it for myself.

There was a screaming and crying in the halls, a rushing of footsteps and excited voices, and I reached the door in time to see a man bringing little Sarah up the stairs in his arms. The child hung there, white and limp, and a stream of blood was covering the dirt on her face. A woman in the crowd told me that she had been knocked down by a truck. She seemed unconscious, possibly dead, and, when I found the doctor had been sent for, I hurried out to get the child's mother and Mr. Shapro.

I found him in a basement, down a dirt-clogged flight of steps, crowded up against a dim window. He was trying to thread a needle held close to his bleared eyes, and beside him was a little rickety foot-power machine on which he had evidently been working. There were irons on the bare coals of a brazier; and around his feet and in piles upon the floor were the old clothes—foul, odorous and reeking of disease.

As we hurried back through the streets together, I tried to talk about indifferent things; learned that he was getting six dollars a week for fourteen hours' work a day as against the eighteen dollars he had been earning ten years before. Six dollars a week to pay for the last remnants of strength! And when that was gone, nothing would be left but to read the Talmud by his son's window and to totter back and forth from the synagogue.

But little Sarah was not dead; she was not even seriously hurt. In two days she was running about, properly bandaged, and the whole family were deriving much conversational sustenance from her mishap.

But, then, what to us would seem serious things sat lightly upon these garment-workers' wives. Dirt and poor food and overcrowding were not of great importance, for they led full lives. They were in the midst of their kind, and social intercourse was the breath of their nostrils. They were possessed of a great mind-hunger, and in this crowded life there was always the means to gratify it. Had they yearned for bodily cleanliness, decent living conditions and good food with anything like the same intensity, they would have been miserable indeed. They did starve for these material things, but it was evident that they could find happiness without them.

When Mary and I were about to give up our East Side flat we walked, one Saturday afternoon, the Jewish Sabbath, across the Williamsburg Bridge. The only leisurely members of the throng rushing home from New York were an old Jew and his wife. At first I noticed them because they were holding each other's hands, and he was suiting his steps to the slow pace necessitated by her enormous girth. The woman's wig and the little hair bun at the back of her neck were the same shade as the locks she had shaved off half a century ago. He wore a little curl before each ear and the wispy ends of his long beard showed that no razor had ever touched it. Long ago in Galicia their marriage must have been arranged on a purely commercial basis by the "shadchen," or marriage broker, without consulting their preferences in the least.

They walked on now equally indifferent to the roar which rose from the great city behind them, and to the beauty of the green water with its hurrying boats below. It seemed a custom for them to be here, and the things about them did not matter. We were walking slowly so as to keep behind them, with no thought that we had ever seen them before; but when they reached the middle of the bridge they turned suddenly and the sunlight struck into the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Shapro! Underneath her young brown wig the woman's wrinkled old face showed a smiling happiness, and in her husband's dim eyes there was a stolid content. This worn-out garment-worker and his wife were the embodiment of completed romance, to whom had been given the fulfillment of the prayer of the "Krists"—"mercifully ordain that we may grow old together."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Beasley upon the environment, character and ideals of the American workingman's wife of to-day.

THE COMFORTER

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

I

Out of the bitter darkness cometh light!
That we believe, though we have never seen.
Surpassing all the realm of sense,
Unlearned from long experience—
For every wrong some recompense of right—
Faith's triumph in the face of seeming fact—
The thought of Justice—surely that has been
Implanted only by th' Omniscient Act!

II

The ages pass, and man goes down to death,
But this lives on through every argument;
One sins and many suffer, and the breath
Of nations' prayers seem impotently spent
In lamentation on th' unheeding air;
Yet still we cling to that vague benison,
Seeing the foul usurp th' acknowledged fair,
Seeing Ill crowned, and seeing everywhere
Injustice in the name of Justice done.

III

So, when black ruin crushes into dust
Our House of Hope or Life, it rises there—
A phœnix from the embers—blind-eyed Trust,
The sobbing faith, strong-winged, that He is just,
That even yet, somehow, sometime, somewhere,
Though down slow ways, nor seen, nor understood,
Where ancient evil flowers into good,
Comes God upon the footsteps of despair.

A One-Man Play

ONE of the favorite diversions of fashionable New Yorkers has been to make voyages of discovery and conquest down Third Avenue and among the motley nations of the Bowery. The Italian Majori, the Yiddish Adler and Kalich, and the Russian Orleneff and Nazimova have hitherto been the chief triumphs of these five-cent Columbuses. Now they have added Previti and his theatre of marionettes.

An enterprising architect lately had the whole outfit brought uptown to his studio for the edification of his friends, and now Ariosto's Orlando Furioso has made his American début as a marionette.

Very solid the actors were, weighing upward of fifty pounds each, and the iron rods that manipulated them were as substantial as they were. Sometimes Signor Previti's brown Italian hands were visible below the border. The legs of the puppets dangled delightfully, their favorite attitude being a heel-and-toe straddle. But their arms had a truly eloquent command of gesture, and smote sword upon shield with the utmost fury. Before closing in personal combats, the warriors reached up and pulled down the vizors of their helmets; and, when they drew back from the fray to speak mighty words of denunciation, they put the vizors up again.

The first scene represented the court of Charlemagne. The great emperor swooped on and leaned against the scenery at the side in an attitude of mingled limpness and majesty. The courtiers followed one by one, spoke eloquently to their sovereign, and collapsed against the back-drop. Then came the fickle heroine, Angelica. She bowed so low before the great Charlemagne that her heels stood straight in air and her girdle swept the floor. Her voice was the manly bass of Signor Previti undisguised.

In the second scene the villain conjured up the devil with the most horrible incantation, and together they flew up into the air, the devil flicking his tail with joy. Again, the scene changed. And so to the end.

As given in the Bowery the story of Orlando Furioso takes almost a whole year. Night after night barbers and banana-men follow it with rapt attention.

Great Men and Their Neighbors

BY SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Charles Warren Fairbanks

WHEN James Alexander Hemenway, Senator from Indiana, emitted that wild whoop a short time ago, while standing at the base of the Soldiers' Monument in Indianapolis, and declared that under the Constitution of the United States and the statutes in such case made and provided he demanded immunity from having a cigar named after him, all Indiana listened in astonishment. All Indiana sat up and took notice and asked: "What's come over Hemenway that he should resist this attempt to make him famous?" There were various explanations, but none of them explained. It is reserved for me to tell the real reason for this renunciation. James Alexander Hemenway, being heart and soul in the high and holy cause of separating from the official title of Charles Warren Fairbanks the detestable prefix "Vice" and leaving him nothing but the word "President" as a headlight, had heard a cigar was about to be called after Mr. Fairbanks, and he did not, could not, indeed, compete in the open market with his name tacked to a cigar while in the next box might be reposing the justly-famous Fairbanks cigar, which the smoker would undoubtedly take if the Hemenway brand was not there to tempt him from the path of duty.

Political history records few greater sacrifices than this, for it is the custom of Indiana to exalt her heroes in just this way. When you go into a cigar shop in Indianapolis, or in any of the other busy cities of the State, you are confronted by a case filled with cigars, each bearing the celebrated cognomen of some man who is making or has made Indiana great. Not alone are statesmen thus selected for applause, but authors are discovered side by side with these public men, and on the inside of each box-cover is a red-cheeked, pink-haired, yellow-eyed, green-coated picture of the illustrious one, smiling up at the intending purchaser as if to say: "Come on and buy one of my kind. They are the best in the market. I know, because I never smoked one of them in my life."

There are the Thomas A. Hendricks puritano, the Hoosier Poet perfecionado, the George Ade perfecto, the Charles Major delicioso, the Meredith Nicholson epicure, the Dan Voorhees fancy tail, the Thomas Taggart breva, the Harry New royale, and in a few days there will blossom on the stands the Albert Jeremiah Beveridge cigar, just plain cigar, which will be sold for the small sum of five cents, six for a quarter, because, as Senator Beveridge himself says: "I desire that the cigar named after me shall be smoked by the common people and not by the rich and pampered plutocrats, who pay ten cents, or, I have heard it claimed, even more for a single indulgence in the nicotine habit."

And, of course, there is the Fairbanks cigar, which is panatela shape, long and thin. No wonder James Alexander Hemenway declined firmly to obtrude his fascinating personality among this bunch of celebrities. The Fairbanks cigar has competition enough without this handicap, but, at the same time, it seems a shame, for a picture of James Alexander Hemenway on the lid of a cigar box, sporting a green mustache and carrot-colored hair, would be a charming addition to lithographic art.

Long search among the various brands failed to disclose a Booth Tarkington cigar. There is no Booth Tarkington cigar, because Booth Tarkington smokes cigarettes, and thereby hangs the tale of the famous James Whitcomb Riley pie vendetta and the classic pronouncement of the Vice-President on the same. James Whitcomb Riley adores pie, kivered, cross-kivered or open-faced. For years he labored to convince Booth Tarkington he should cease cigarettes and devote himself to pie.

Tarkington has scorned pleas, cajoleries and threats. He has blown smoke at the poet when he was beseeching him, in earnest numbers, to depart from this mode of life, smoke cigars and eat pie. So skillful has Tarkington become that, instead of amusing himself with the commonplace amusement of blowing rings he blows letters when the mood is on him and, it is said, has even composed a few chapters of a novel by blowing the words into the perfumed air.

Verging on despair, about to leave Tarkington to his fate, Riley was succored by the Indiana Legislature, which passed a law making it a crime to sell, make or smoke cigarettes in the State. Riley read of the law in the morning paper. He seized a large and luscious apple pie, and rushed to the house of Tarkington.

"Now, durn ye," he shouted, "eat this pie! It's against the law for you to smoke cigarettes. Here it is, set forth with all the majesty of the Indiana Legislature, that thou shalt not smoke cigarettes. You are a criminal if you persist. No Indiana Legislature will ever pass an anti-pie law. No legislature will ever deprive the citizens of this commonwealth of this fit food for poesy, but you—you are condemned to ignominy and shame if you continue to smoke cigarettes. Cease, I command you, cease! Do not put yourself without the pale of the law. For years you have reviled pie, have execrated pie, have refused to partake of pie. My hour of triumph is at hand. Eat this pie and throw away your cigarettes, or I shall inform on you, thereby bringing a notorious criminal to book, and reaping some pecuniary reward, for I shall get half the fine."

"Cease your prattle, oh, poet of golden numbers," replied Tarkington, lighting a fresh cigarette. "A man's home is his castle. I shall not reform. Take your unholy pie and leave me. I defy you."

"Ah, well," said Riley, picking up his pie, "I can but leave you to your fate. Remain here and smoke, degraded wretch that you are, but the moment you emerge from this house I shall put you in charge and you shall be haled to the bar of justice to answer for your sins."

He left. Tarkington locked himself in and smoked and smoked. He knew he was a pariah, but he gloried in it—for a few days. Then the confinement became irksome. He longed for the respectability that once was his. Peeking furtively through the window he saw the stern figure of James Whitcomb Riley on watch, with a pie beneath his arm. Tarkington hastened to his study, lighted another cigarette with enforced bravado—and a match—but there was not the old joy. He was a criminal. He knew the implacable Riley was without, waiting and watching to expose him. The cigarette dropped from his nerveless fingers. He was undone.

Rushing to the door he beckoned to Riley. "Come across," he said, and the poet came. Together they went to the dining-room and together they ate pie. "I am reformed," said Tarkington. "No more cigarettes for me. Instead, I shall worship at the shrine of pie."

They went out into the sunshine together, Tarkington a free and chastened man, permitted once again to walk the streets without the stigma of being a law-breaker attached to him, and Riley filled with conscious rectitude, to say nothing of rapture quite profound. Tarkington ate pie. He joined with Riley in pie festivals. No cigarette smoke crossed his lips. Then, one day, a judge decided the law merely prevented the manufacture and sale of cigarettes, and that nobody could stop the people of Indiana smoking them. Tarkington read the decision. Seizing a box of his own kind he ran madly to the house of Riley and rang the bell. When the Hoosier poet came to the door, Tarkington blew an enormous cloud of smoke at him.

"Take your cursed pie!" he shouted. "Eat yourself to death if you like! I hurl it in your teeth! Your hold on me is gone. I shall not be coerced. I am no longer a criminal, and I'm hanged if I shall be a dyspeptic!"

They told this story to Mr. Fairbanks, and he listened attentively. "Ah," he said, when the tale was done, "that is very interesting. Occasionally I indulge in pie, although I cannot claim to have an inordinate appetite. However, I consider it a nourishing comestible of considerable vogue in our fair commonwealth, which, when partaken of with moderation, conduces to a fuller and freer enjoyment of those advantages of our glorious prosperity which have accrued to this mighty Nation, under the beneficence of the control of governmental affairs by the Republican party, and for which we should all be supremely thankful; for, as I was saying, the Republican party——"

Now, that was a truly Fairbanksian utterance. They fed him fried lobster at Merry Meeting Park up in Brunswick, Maine, one time and he said: "I have often partaken of lobster broiled and lobster à la Newburgh, but, I must confess, this is the first time I have eaten this toothsome crustacean fried. I find that it is most nourishing and delicious,

Until he has First Tried it with a Thermometer

and that it tends to give us a fuller understanding of that remarkable prosperity which we are now enjoying under the beneficent control of the affairs of the Government by the Republican party ——."

And when they floated him in buttermilk up in Vermont, after he had incautiously complimented one hostess on the superiority of this product of her churn, he found a way to hitch a few kind words for the Republican party on to the eulogy of the buttermilk. It is all the same with the Vice-President. If a hen lays a two-yolked egg, that is due to the ascendency of the Republican party; and so is everything else, from the discovery of gold at Tonopah to the building of a new water-tank at Kankakee.

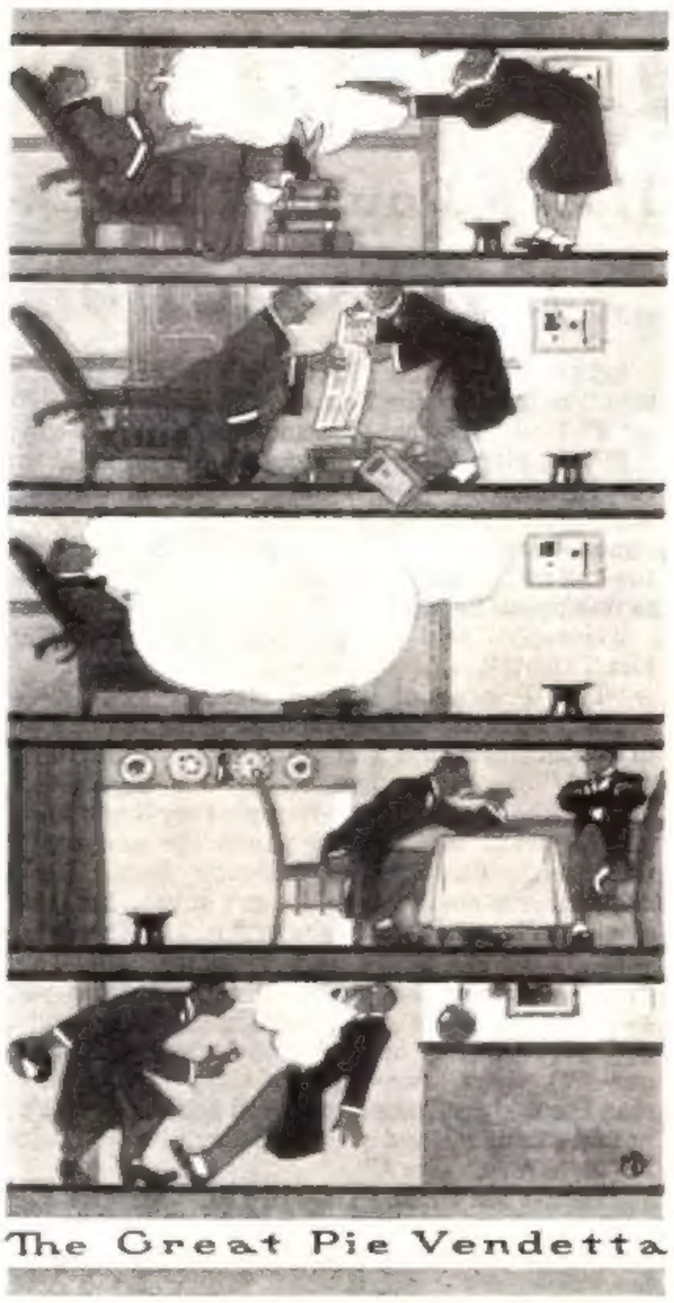
If Republics, not to mention Republicans, were not ungrateful this tireless devotion to the party of his allegiance would make Fairbanks the logical, dominating, nothing-to-it candidate for President, as the struggle now stands, and would give him the unanimous nomination in the convention of 1908. But the sad fact remains that both Republics and Republicans are ungrateful. Both have a habit of forgetting what they should remember and remembering what they should forget. Not, of course, that there is anything in the open book of the calm, conservative and bromide life of Charles Warren Fairbanks that should be forgotten, but that, in a general way, his tireless services in high places do not seem to have reaped the fitting reward.

The Fairbanks Cigar

Mr. Fairbanks will not be nominated by acclamation at the next national convention. If he gets the nomination at all he will be obliged to fight for it to the last ditch. There will be other patriots in the battle. In fact, other patriots are in the battle now, prepared to do or die—not actually die, understand, but near-die or, anyhow, cast the die, which is an old and favorite method of expressing finality. Strange, even humiliating, as it may seem to those who have watched the trend of political affairs, there is not a tidal wave of enthusiasm for Mr. Fairbanks. The feeling for this statesman that exists throughout the land is, perhaps, deep-seated and based on his impeccable merits, but it sends up no sky-rockets. Broach Fairbanks, and the masses say: "Fairbanks? Oh, yes; a very good man." Virtue is thus his complimentary, but not vociferous, reward.

This point of view in Indianapolis is not so strange, nor need it dishearten the Fairbanks Legion, for Indianapolis is rather accustomed to Mr. Fairbanks as a candidate for President. It was some years ago when he decided he was peculiarly fitted to adorn the White House, just after President McKinley was elected the second time. He was then a Senator. The conclusion was forced on him, after a long study of his services to his country and his State, that the Nation could go further and fare much worse. He confided this opinion to his friends. They agreed. The Nation could, indeed, go much further—if it chose. He began his campaign, thinking to succeed McKinley at the end of McKinley's second term, but Fate stepped in and Vice-President Roosevelt became President. That made it impossible for him to be a candidate in 1904, and he gracefully retired and became Vice-President.

A thorough survey of the literature of the world left Mr. Fairbanks with the unalterable opinion that the choicest gem written by the hand of man is the declaration by President Roosevelt, made on election night in 1904, that he will not be a candidate for renomination. Mr. Fairbanks no doubt has those lines framed and hanging



The Great Pie Vendetta

in his study. He can repeat the entire proclamation with great declamatory effect. It was the one announcement for which he was waiting, and he immediately leaped—no, walked—into the fray again, and is making a campaign for the nomination with much dignity and impressiveness, but, so far as has been ascertained at this writing, with not many delegates as yet promised or secured.

But there is Indiana. Indiana is for Fairbanks, unreservedly. You ask any politician in that great State, casually: "How is Fairbanks running in Indiana?" and he will reply: "Oh, fine; isn't it wonderful how Indianapolis is growing?"

"The State is for him, isn't it?"

"Certainly. This is great weather, isn't it?"

"He will have the delegates, of course?"

"Why not? Have you seen the Soldiers' Monument yet?"

It is unnecessary to pursue the conversation further. Indiana, and especially Indianapolis, are for Fairbanks, but in a dignified and unobtrusive way. They are not rampaging around and pawing the earth, but they are for Fairbanks. The situation is perfectly plain. A great, conservative force like Fairbanks needs no fireworks. Dignity is the watchword. Be dignified and you will be President—it may be.

There is another reason for this tranquil, not to say serene, upholding of the Vice-President's hands. Indianapolis and Indiana are somewhat blasé as to Vice-Presidents. The State has had Colfax and Hendricks and has Fairbanks, and English ran once with the ill-fated Hancock. Indianapolis, in this respect, is like Washington and Niagara Falls. You cannot get up any excitement in Washington or in Niagara by pointing out a big man. The people in those towns are used to big men, bored of big men, familiar with big men, for everybody who is anybody goes to Washington and to Niagara Falls; but when they have a Cabinet officer as a guest at a dinner in Chicago or Philadelphia or Atlanta it is a great event. This may explain the dispassionate attitude of Indianapolis. Familiarity does not breed enthusiasm.

Carpers will say the Vice-President is not a man to excite enthusiasm. Carpers have said so. Little-witted people have gone so far as to twist the stately name of Fairbanks into "Icebanks," and say the term applies. Nothing is further from the truth. Because a man comes down the street in a dignified manner, shakes hands with dignity and speaks a dignified "Good-morning!" does it mean he is cold, chill, frigid, gelid? It does not. Because a man starts to tell a joke and winds up with a touching tribute to the dead who sleep on the wintry hillsides, does it mean he is not genial and warm-hearted? It does not. Because a statesman, instead of interlarding his speeches with idle persiflage, and indulging in japes and jests, sees fit to steer along a middle course and to announce the immortal truth that if you are virtuous you will be happy, does it display a lack of that imagination that is held to be essential to a sense of humor? It does not.

The Lobster Speech

The carpers are all wrong. They do not know the true Fairbanks. They may have a passing acquaintance with the superficial Fairbanks, but they have not penetrated. They know nothing of the impulses of that warm and generous nature. They are not aware that beneath that immaculate frock coat—Prince Albert in Indianapolis—there beats a heart filled to overflowing with the buttermilk—no, the plain milk of human kindness. Cold? Not he. Is a man cold who for three long years has invited the entire world to share with him the luxuries of his hospitable and groaning board? Is a man cold who, sending out through the highways of Washington, has bidden to his feasts every person who might, in any possible way, have even the smallest influence in getting delegates? Does he lack warmth who, on leaving Washington, pursues his unexampled culinary campaign in Indianapolis? Is he frosty who, on the slightest call, will journey from one end of the country to another to speak to the waiting throngs, especially in the Republican States, and who, after his speeches, is willing to stand for hours and shake hands, beneficently, with the voters, their wives and children?

There must be a recasting of opinions about the Vice-President. This slander of his frostiness has gone too far. Indianapolis knows and Indianapolis will tell you that he fairly radiates geniality and good nature. Let any man who can do anything for him go to him and the greeting will be tropic in its fervor. "My dear, de-ar fellow, I am glad to see you. Come right in and tell me all about it." Naturally, there is no slapping on the back, none of those undignified demonstrations that politicians always and statesmen sometimes make. A Vice-President is a Vice-President, no matter how healthy the President may be. Dignity cannot be sacrificed, but the warmth is there, without that vulgar effusiveness so often displayed—the warmth is there. How many delegates can you control?

(Concluded on Page 21)

Pursues his Unexampled Culinary Campaign

AN EXTRA NUMBER

And so, on that Wrecked and Ruined Stage, The Bowery Rose Ended Her "Career" and Began to Live

How a Double Turn Led to a Permanent Engagement

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

KATHLEEN DUBOIS" (so billed at Lounsbury's Arcade) shut the door, leaned against it in unceremonious fashion, clasped both hands on the door-knob behind her, and confronted the Person of No Consequence like a small but determined dragon.

"Miss Forsythe is not at home!" she announced severely.

"Quite so!" assented the Person of No Consequence placidly. "Quite so! Don't speak so loud—she may hear you. Won't I take a chair and state my business? And is there anything you can do?"

"Business!" sniffed Miss Dubois. "Business! Do I get three guesses? When I see *you* on any business, Mr. Daven ——"

"Ted is my name—J. Ted," interrupted the Person of No Consequence serenely. "You used to call me Teddie, once. Do I get the chair?"

"Oh, sit down, what little time you stay!" said Miss Dubois hospitably.

"Thanks for the concession." The Person grinned. "Shall I address my few remarks to you as Kitty or as Miss Dubois? And won't you take a chair yourself? Don't mind me, you know. I assure you I will not break into Miss Forsythe's—absence—by violence."

Miss Dubois sat down and beat tattoo with a rebellious foot.

"Well?" she said.

"Thank you, quite well," said the Person gratefully. "And you?"

Miss Dubois drew up her small self with much dignity. "Now, then, what do you want?" she demanded.

"Evidently," said Ted cheerfully, "I am not likely to get it, at any rate. I called, Miss Dubois—Kitty—to see if I could persuade you and Miss Rose Forsythe to go with me to a little supper after ——"

"Miss Forsythe will *not* go with you to 'a little supper after,'" responded Kitty promptly.

The Person traced an outline on the carpet with his cane. "Some other time?" he suggested mildly.

"Neither now nor some other time," said the unmoved Dragon.

"With *me?*" inquired the Person, indicating himself with a finger on his breast; raising his brows with a fair imitation of a sigh.

"With you nor any one else," said Miss Dubois coldly.

"Isn't this—really—rather unconventional?" queried the Person, much interested. "You were not always so very ——"

"It's not a question of *me* at all," rejoined Miss Dubois with startling and cheerful candor. "That's exactly why no little suppers go. I know you. *I've* been to little suppers myself—I *know*," she said with vindictive emphasis.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," murmured the Person. "Especially ——"

"Eh! What's that?" demanded Kitty sharply.

"That, Miss Kitty, is a quotation from an Eastern classic, once in much repute," explained the Person of No Consequence. "But, look here, you know," he remonstrated. "I met a most fetching young man in the hall as I came in. Rather handsome fellow—not so dangerous as myself, of course, but ——"

"Humph!" said Kitty. "That's different. That's just Talbot!"

"The 'Princess of Parma' man?"

Kitty nodded. "*I'm* responsible for Jennie's being in the business and I'm going to see that she's not spoiled," she declared stoutly. "She has a splendid voice. She can act, too—though they don't know it yet. I want her to quit vaudeville and try 'the drammer.' That's why Talbot's here. He has offered her a small part. It isn't much, but there's singing in it—that's why she gets it. It'll be a chance—that's all she needs, just a chance. She'll make good—see if she don't! She'll go to the top yet, if ——" She broke off. Holding up her hand she checked off a tally on her small fingers. "Reporters, one—managers, two—actors, three—that's all the men she's to see," she announced briskly. "She's got her way to make, and she needs them in her business. No mere men. *See?*"

"Yes, I see them. They're *fine!*" said the Person with well-feigned enthusiasm.

"Them? See what?" said Miss Kitty tartly, a trifle bewildered.

"Why, your fingers—and the rings, of course. So there are to be no more cakes and ale?" he queried with gentle persiflage. "Well, at any rate it is pleasant to know that the quarantine is not personal—that I am barred out by wholesale only." In his secret heart this airy young man was quite impressed—almost touched—at the somewhat astonishing spectacle furnished by frivolous, bewitching, good-natured, pleasure-loving Kitty Dubois, thus valiantly guarding her protégée. Much as if one saw a small but resolute hen doing successful battle with a marauding hawk. Remembering Kitty's own reckless, unguided past, he felt sincere respect for this unexpected side of her—this shrewd, straightforward, effective courage born of unselfishness and loyal affection. A gallant if somewhat pathetic little figure. Something very like regret stirred in his worldly heart. Naturally—being that he was—he prattled on to conceal his uneasiness.

"Then, so far as you are concerned," he said artlessly, "you only disapprove of me officially—as a fairy grandmother? You do not wholly loathe, detest, abhor, disgust and ab-hominate me? Eh, Kitty?"

"Oh, me!" said Kitty, in fine scorn, relaxing her severity nevertheless. "Much difference it makes about *me*. Oh, you're good enough—as men go. No worse than the rest, I guess, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"She'll marry on you," suggested the Person tentatively. "Tell me about her."

"Marry? Not she!" said the Dubois confidently. "I tell you when you've heard the house rise at you once, other music seems mighty tame. And the Kettle on the Hearth—Humph! Tell you what, Teddie—actors and singers lead a dog's life one way, you might say. But another way they've got all the best of it. Writers, artists and the like may get some faint reflected echo of praise and appreciation—though generally it don't get to the address till they've been dead too long. But we have our hereafter now—we get our appreciation face to face. And it's good—Oh, Teddie, it's good!—and worth working for. She's tasted it, and she'll drink deep before she's done. Tell you about it? There's nothing to tell. I've got eyes and ears, I guess." She eyed her restless toe-tip reflectively. "I saw there was good money in her as an investment. I thought I'd just as well have it as any one else. *I* wasn't going to be a howling success, so I made provision for the future."

"Very well lied," thought the Person approvingly. He knew the story. Kitty had found the girl, at fourteen, in rags, singing on the street. She had befriended her, educated and trained her, got her a chance at Lounsbury's three years ago. The pupil had soon passed her teacher, and Kitty had followed her fortunes since with unfailing devotion.

"That was very adroit of you," he said aloud. "You spoke of her as 'Jennie.' I infer that she took the name of Rose Forsythe when she—er—became wedded to Art?"

"Well," said the Dubois, "not altogether. She used her own name at first, till they began calling her 'The Bowery Rose.' Then ——"

"I see," said the Person. "Has your—investment—been profitable from the start?"

"All the way. You know Lounsbury has four places—at Union Square, Twenty-third, Fifty-eighth and Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets—besides the Fifth Avenue and Harlem houses where they do the 'legit.' They change programs every week, you know. Well, she made good every time she did a turn. We signed up with the Colonial and a lot of the others—and she delivered the goods all right, all right. So we got new songs and did the Lounsbury's circuit twice more. Then came this up-state trip, and now we could be booked up in town for the rest of the season just as soon as we'd sign contracts—if I'd say so. But I want her to get in with Talbot, and have a chance to show that she's good for something but just vaudeville."

"Do you go, too?" inquired the Person of No Consequence.

Miss Dubois nodded sagely. "Sure! 'Love me, love my dog.' And that's no joke either—about the dog. Of course, I may get a small walking part—housemaid with feather duster, L. C., or something like that. I can't act, you know," she said dryly. "I can dance a bit, or sing in a chorus, if you like. But where Jennie goes I go—if only for a watch-dog. She's straight, Ted; you let her alone!" Her glib tongue faltered momentarily, and her small forehead puckered to a wistful wrinkle. "I—I've not been offensively straight and narrow, you know, Teddie, but perhaps—perhaps I can look out for her better than a better woman could?" she said inquiringly. "That kind of woman couldn't say this to you." She mused a little. "Do you s'pose, Ted, that—that The Bookkeeper, when He makes up my account, will put down a note that I didn't have much of a chance? You see, there wasn't any one to be watch-dog for me."

But the Person of No Consequence was thoroughly uncomfortable, and for once persiflage failed him. He nodded shamefacedly. Whereat Miss Dubois regained her wonted vivacity, and the small cloud on her face vanished as quickly as it had appeared.

"Oh, Teddie!" Her low, silvery laughter pealed irresistibly. "Cheer up! It may not be true! Spilt milk, you

The Boy's Hand Ached to Touch that Little Curly Head

Confronted the Person of No Consequence Like a Small but Determined Dragon

know. 'He's a Good Fellow—it will all be well.' There—that's all for this time—*must* you go?" she inquired pointedly.

"I'm rather afraid I must—after that," he admitted ruefully. "Good-day!" At the door he turned to her with genuine admiration. "Kitty," he said, "you're a confoundedly good girl. Shake hands?"

"Both hands—so you stay away!" laughed the good girl. "You'd be all right yourself, Teddie, if you'd only stop spending your dad's dough, go somewhere and do something on your own. Build a railroad—with your money or a shovel—drive a stage, work in a sawmill, rob a bank—anything—only *do* something *yourself*. Why, you're only a Johnnie, and you might be a man. Why don't you try it, Teddie?"

"I'll think about it," said the Person of No Consequence.

Neither Marcus nor Rose was unhappy—not really—though either would have rejected such a suggestion indignantly. Rose, because she must pain an honest heart; Marcus, because the world was presently to crumble about him in irretrievable ruin, and he knew it. He had known from the first that it was a forlorn hope. But his "turn" with Lounsbury's was having a cool reception; he knew that he could not further expect to prolong the delightful intimacy they had kept up, maugre the dragon's head, during their long tour of the State together. There was another reason also, which, with true insular reserve, he kept to himself.

They were but boy and girl, after all, and—a wonderful thing, despite the false, artificial life they led in the glare of the footlights—unspoiled boy and girl still.

Life is kind. Youth suffers keenly, though worn-out folk may enviously sneer. But

"Because the heart of youth is wonderful,"

because they felt so poignantly the magic and beauty and mystery of life, unfolding ever-unguessed wonders day by day, even pain itself had a thrill of pleasure in it. So these young folk, in their misery, drew together for comfort, and found wretchedness, like parting, "such sweet sorrow."

"I'm so sorry, Marcus, but I can't marry *any one*—oh, not for ages!" said Rose decidedly but regretfully. "I do really think that I'm going to 'arrive.' Kitty says so, and Lounsbury, too. So there'll be years and years of work before I can even think of such a thing. And I do like you, Marcus, ever so much. You're a good man."

"I'm not!" protested Marcus, distressed at such libelous accusation. "I'm no end of a bounder, you know. There, now, don't you be cut up about me, little girl. I'll be all right after a bit."

Privately, the Bounder knew this for a monstrous lie, and, when Rose smiled faintly, wondered at her easy gullibility. Why, she really believed him. "I say, Rose, you'll let me see you odd times, just the same, won't you, just as if this hadn't happened?"

"Why, of course! I'd feel awfully if I wasn't friends with you," said Rose earnestly. "But, won't you——"

"No," interrupted Marcus gloomily. "I'll cut the shop from now on. They'll give me the chuck to-night, I guess. I'm only a poor stick and a fool to boot for not finding it out long ago. And just now I've been thinking about you all the time till I'm worse than ever I was," he added ingenuously.

Rose drooped her guilty head. The boy's hand ached to touch that little curly head.

Then she brightened. "But—but you'll get over it, you know," she suggested eagerly. "Then you'll be better than ever. You were all right before—before——" Her voice trailed off to shy silence, loth to lightly invoke the Mighty Name.

"Maybe," said Marcus. Of course, he knew that it would *never* be any different. But this boy's love, that we so carelessly put by, is truest and best and most unselfish of all. He would not add jot nor tittle to her distress. "Anyway, I'll chuck it for this while and have a try off my own bat. We'll see about that later."

"Why, how'll you live?" cried Rose, in open-eyed wonder. Life apart from the stage was a vague unknown to her.

"Oh, I'll worry along," said Marcus reassuringly. He paused a moment. He must go now and leave her. His Rose, who, in this mad, hurrying, crowded, jostling, reckless, unreal world had grown up pure and true, unspoiled and sweet. Surely there was none like her, not one. She would not need him. Absurd! Every one was her friend, from poor, loyal, adoring Kitty to crabbed Lounsbury, who always managed a painful smile or gruff word of encouragement for Rose. Harrington, too. Not him, thought Marcus, and could have groaned aloud. Wherefore, being a Briton, he rose and said, in his most matter-of-fact tone.

"Well, I'll be off. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Marcus!" said Rose tearfully, and their eyes met. . . .

This wonderful Youth! Drink deep of its enchanted cup in your brief, bright Maytime; life holds no draft so rich and priceless. For lo! its gossamer, dream-wrought phantasms are the well-remembered realities, that rise, at last, to dying eyes, when toiled-for wealth and glory and power and fame are faded away as shadows. Then, surely, the lost illusions come again to beckon us to longed-for lands, where our dreams will all come true.

"Those poor young things!" thought Kitty, half remorsefully. "Of course, she won't be so silly—just for his pink-and-white face. But women are *such* fools!" she reflected anxiously. "You never can tell!"

She waylaid him at the door. One glance at his drawn face was enough. She was sorry for him—now she was sure it was all right—and by way of showing her sympathy fell upon him tooth and nail.

"Well, Mr. Marcus," she exulted tauntingly. "You wouldn't be satisfied. *I told you so!*"

"You told me nothing of the sort!" said Marcus indignantly. "You—why, what are you talking about? I don't know what you mean."

"I know what *you* mean, anyhow!" rejoined the Dubois aggressively. "Pray, did you expect me to be surprised? I'm astonished at you, Marcus. I thought better of you. What did you intend to live on, I'd like to know. You had nothing but your good looks—Bah! Baby face! —Ugh! These men," said the Dubois, shivering, addressing, apparently, thin air, "are the most selfish creatures!"

At this outburst Illingsworth fell back aghast.

"Miss Dubois," he said stiffly, "you may rest assured that I have something besides an actor's uncertain pittance to depend upon—else I would not have said a word. I will tell you what I propose to live upon, since you really seem to think it is——"

"Any of my business? Yes, yes. Go on, certainly it is!" chirped Miss Dubois. "Do tell me you're an earl or a duke in disguise! How charmingly you talk to-day. You're usually slangy." Thus encouraged, Marcus proceeded with dignity:

"I am not so fortunate, Miss Dubois. But I have just heard that my uncle has died and left me a place of sorts, near Bradford, and something in bank for bread and cheese. Not much, but a tidy sum, too. Otherwise——"

"Did you tell her?" demanded Miss Dubois shrilly.

"Tell her?" The "Bounder" glared at her, thoroughly exasperated. "I wish you good-afternoon, Miss Dubois." He stalked to the door, but Kitty ran after him, dragged him back by the coat-tails. It is difficult to be dignified under such circumstances.

"Don't, Marcus!" she wailed. "I'll be good. But I was so anxious. I was afraid she would. I'd as soon 'twould be you as any one—rather. Only she just mustn't marry anybody and spoil her career. Of course, I'm sorry for *you*. I like you—fine! Truly I do!"

Marcus' wrath evaporated. "Good old Kitty!" he said thankfully. "You're a jolly little beggar to stick up for her—an awfully good sort, you know."

Kitty did an exaggerated courtesy.

"Thank you kindly, fair sir!" she said, and twisted her neck in a vain effort to inspect her shoulder-blades. "That's twice for that gag to-day. Do you see 'em sprouting?"

Lounsbury's was crowded, from the gaudy silver-gilt boxes, where sat the Person of No Consequence with other Persons of No Consequence, to the topmost tier of the gallery, where the Olympians sat, rejoicing.

A certain type of New York working-man lives faithfully up to the words of a recent popular song,

"My coin was made for blowing."

Theatre tickets, however, he does not consider in that light at all. That is part of his fixed outgo, as much a matter of course as carfare, fat, black cigars, the latest wrinkle in hats, or his modest roast beef and brown gravy at noon. He may or may not patronize the uptown theatres on occasion. But he has his favorite vaudeville house. If fortune smiles he goes to other places as well; but blow high, blow low, he takes in the weekly change of program at "the regular place" at least once, generally accompanied by his "steady." If he hasn't the price he borrows it. This is at once club, church, society, art and higher education to him.

There is, to be sure, a fair sprinkling of transients from Brooklyn, the United States and other foreign parts in these audiences. But it is to a well-established and faithful local clientage that the box-office looks for results. The "good-will" of these regular patrons is a tangible and valuable asset; and it is to their taste that the management caters—a taste amazingly tolerant of carroty-haired Irishmen, whose patter runs an unbelievable number of words to the minute; a taste that wearies not of clog-dancing and fancy steps, ready to reward a certain kind of baiting with instant enthusiasm; but in all else singularly blasé and determined "not to admire."

The acrobatic feats must be difficult and blood-curdling which cause the Bowery to wink an eyelash; the allusions must be daring which carry over the footlights to stir the Bowery pulse; the songs must be of irresistible lilt when the Bowery deigns to join the chorus. For, when this takes place, song and singer are made. To hear your "turn" whistled in the street or hummed in hotel corridors, to see your pictured face in the music stores with the

(Continued on Page 44)

Kitty had Found the Girl, in Rags, Singing on the Street

COLLECTING OLD CHINA

By Robert and Elizabeth
SHACKLETON

A Piece of Leeds Ware, Remarkably Light in Weight; Beautiful Openwork Pattern

Allcock Jug in Lavender and White, Gipsy Pattern in Relief

Another Piece of Leeds Ware. These are Marked "Leeds Potteries," Incised

MAN wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," would never have been written had the poet known the exquisite joys of the china collector and the ever-continuing love for prizes of old blue. And once felt, the fascination never departs.

There is a peculiarly delightful quality in that association with the past which comes from the possession of old china. For it brings up not only bygone generations, with their long-mellowed dignity and stateliness and charm, but it sets before us the people of the past in their most intimately hospitable moments. Under no other aspect do fine people so display their finest qualities as when gathered around the social board. No one can be entirely inhospitable who loves old china for its own sake.

There is a subtle charm in the touch, as in the look, of old china, in its soft, smooth glossiness of glaze and in the tender dimness of its old-time colors. One loves to touch these pieces of the past; one loves to look at them as the light shimmers softly in their depths.

No one should be daunted by the thought of difficulties in collecting, for there are still great quantities of old china to be found in America, even at this day. China formed an important part of many and many a cargo landed at the Atlantic towns in the glorious days of American shipping, both from the Far East and, in still greater quantities, from the English potteries.

Not all of this has been broken, not all of this has been gathered by collectors or museums. In the cupboards or garrets of many a farmhouse there are still quantities to be found; nor should it be forgotten that even collections or pieces long held precious in family possession are from time to time open to purchase.

In beginning, the collector should decide whether he is to aim at gathering old china of any description or is to collect pieces of some chosen classification. If his is to be a collection to add completeness to a home built upon Colonial lines or to rooms furnished with old-time things, then age and beauty should be the prime considerations. If it is to be a collection along some specialized line, or to win the awe and admiration of faddists in ceramics, then willow-pattern and flowing-blue and lavender-sprig will not be gathered, and attention will be given only to the uncommon.

But, even though you aim principally at china rich in the charm of age, even though you allow willow-pattern, comparatively common though it is, to enter your collection; even though you pile your oranges in bowls of flowing-blue, if, like much of the flowing-blue, the color is attractive for itself, and even though you grace your dining-table with Canton china, remembering that, after all, Washington deemed it worthy of daily use, you should also aim to some extent at rarity.

It will be a pleasure to serve your punch from a giant bowl of a rare variety of Staffordshire, or to have a set of precious Lowestoft for your tea-table, or to gather excellent examples of Wedgwood or Spode, or to have pieces of some of the rare forms dear to the heart of the specializer.

Among the lines of collecting for those who wish to specialize, a fascinating one is to gather pieces directly associated with famous folk. Martha Washington's Lowestoft; a decanter of Carroll of Carollton; custard cups of Major Buttrick, of Concord Bridge; table china of the Tailmadge whose readiness of wit brought disaster to André; a monogramed tureen of DeWitt Clinton; Madison's White House porcelain—such hints point out the endless possibilities. Necessarily, the history of each individual piece in a collection of this nature must be indisputable; it is not enough to know that china is of a certain age or from a certain factory, for it must be known, also, precisely who owned it. Patience and pains are requisite.

Plates of the Presidents

THE mention of Madison china is a reminder of a highly-interesting collection that has been gathered at the White House. In the entry-corridor of the remodeled building, beneath the East Room, is a row of cabinets in which is preserved a valuable series of specimens of the White House porcelain of various Presidents, in spite of the curious custom by virtue of which the steward was long permitted to auction off what he deemed odds and ends of furnishings in preparing the building for each new Chief Magistrate. Much of the early china that was thus disposed of is now in private collections, but this corridor, with its row of small cabinets, shows a most delightful historical series of the varying tastes of the Presidents and of the times.

Some will wish to gather only the old blue plates whose pictures refer to certain periods, such as the War of 1812; some will wish plates referring only to things connected with the State of New York; some will aim to acquire china of that wide and charming classification which includes only American scenery; some will desire lustre or Lowestoft; some will wish only special shapes, such as cream jugs, sugar-bowls, teapots or the tiny cup-plates, from three and a half to five inches in diameter, upon which our forefathers rested their teacups when drinking from their saucers; some will collect only china pictured with Washington or Franklin; some will wish only special series, such as the Doctor Syntax or the States' Arms.

But most collectors, at least at first, will try their luck and their skill in gathering fine old china of any make or with any design. This is certainly the most admirable method to follow, for they not only gain experience in collecting, but, should they later wish to specialize, are securing pieces which they may later trade with other collectors to their common advantage.

China collecting is reminiscent of long expeditions over highways and byways in search of ceramic treasures, and of drives home with bowls and jugs wrapped in lap robes, and perilously clutched and balanced in rough hillside descents, and of irregular bundles wrapped in newspapers from a farmhouse, and tied with three colors of string, and smuggled into a city home—and who would carry a bundle so wrapped unless it contained old china!

It is harder to find old china than old furniture. If the possessor of old china likes it she may set it forth on mantel-shelf or corner-cupboard, and if she does she is likely to love it too much to part with it. If it is thought little of it is put in obscure places—lost in a barrel, or stuffed under the eaves in the attic, where it is forgotten and hard to unearth. Or it may be like a rare black basalt pitcher which we discovered, used as a jelly jar, or a certain broad-mouthed Wedgwood vase, rescued from the country kitchen in which it was doing service as a salt jar on a shelf by the stove. Or pitchers and bowls may have lost their identity under the embossed flowers pasted upon them in the era, of thirty years ago, when stoneware pipes were made into umbrella holders and fire shovels were hand-painted.

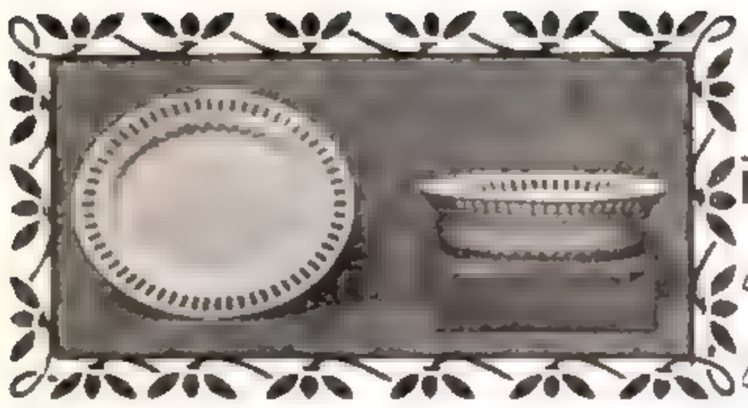
Sometimes a country woman will gladly sell the china that came from her husband's side of the house—perhaps in revenge for reminiscences of the "biscuits mother used to make." She is also usually willing to sell the inherited china of his first wife.

There should be clear understanding of the use of the word "china." As a matter of fact, amazing though it seems, china collecting is mostly not of china!

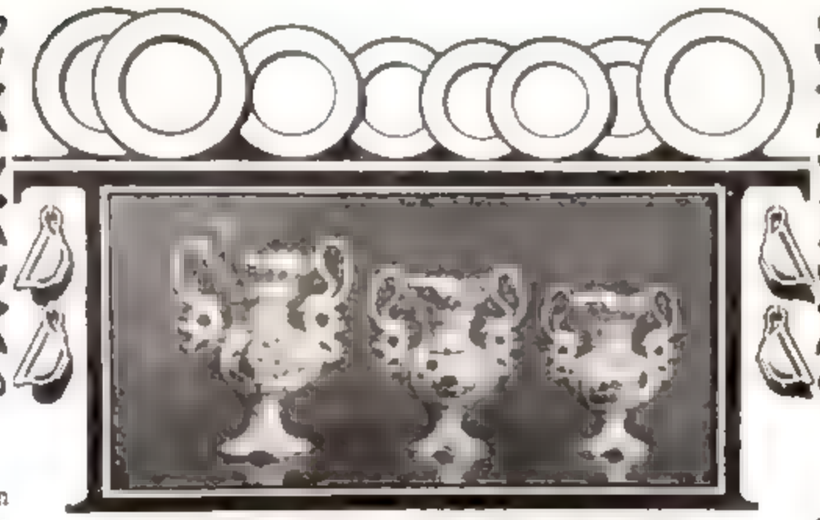
Pottery—earthenware—of one kind or another has been made since time immemorial.

Technically, "china" means only porcelain; but by the usage of all collectors and writers, and from the lack of a more adequate term, it includes also the fine products of the early English potteries. Those potteries made earthenware and queensware and ironstone as well as porcelain,

1—Staffordshire Cup and Saucer of Major Tallmadge. 2—Sugar-Bowl, Sevres Porcelain with Imperial "N," Made for the Tuileries. 3—Staffordshire Custard Cup in Blue. 4 and 5—Octagonal Sugar-Bowls of Graceful Shape. 6—"Flowing-Blue" Staffordshire Porcelain. 7—Flowing-Blue Lowestoft. 8—Willow Pattern



Two Examples of Wedgwood



A Set of Three Graduated Derby Vases, decorated in Blue and Gold and Flowers

1 — Polychrome Jug in Beautiful Green and Orange Glaze
2 — "Helmet" Teapot in the Desirable Deep Blue

and these products were decorated or plain, lustred or in relief, glazed or of "biscuit" surface, and white or cream or blue or black.

Porcelain is always translucent. Earthenware is opaque. Chinese porcelain has always been made of kaolin and feldspar. Kaolin, a natural white earth, is infusible, and feldspar vitrifies and holds it.

European makers of porcelain were at first hampered by their inability to find or recognize kaolin, and they used instead cleverly compounded substitutes, sometimes even using glue as a coherent in the paste. But the discovery of beds of kaolin in several countries of Europe brought about the making of porcelain practically as the Chinese made it; "hard" porcelain, as it is termed, the artificial substitute being referred to as *pâte tendre*.

The first porcelain is said to have been made in China, some nineteen hundred years ago. Between the years 1500 and 1600 a little of this reached Europe, and it is curious to know that one of the Medici rulers tried with some degree of success to have it imitated, at a kiln constructed in the famous Boboli Gardens. Not until after 1660 did much of the Chinese product reach Europe. Teapots did not appear until after the 1700's, when the Chinese had learned from the English to make this shape, it being something they did not make for themselves, preferring as they did to make the tea in bowls, in which they stirred it with tiny bunches of splints.

The first important imitation in Europe of the Chinese porcelain was Delft; so called from the early potteries at the Dutch town of that name. This was not a porcelain. It was thin, but opaque. It was a fine earthenware, mostly patterned in blue. Toward the end of the seventeenth century Dutch potters carried the art to England, and thus came English Delft.

It is possible that a few pieces of Delft were brought to America on the Mayflower, but one need not give implicit credence to the many tales of dishes which were carried here by the Pilgrims. Why, there are even teapots shown as having come on that initial trip, in spite of the fact that the first teapot had not then been made.

Throughout the entire seventeenth century somewhat of pottery was made; there were Delft, which was of tin glaze, and wares in the newly-discovered salt glaze; but the great improvement in earthenware, which was marked by the coming in of the really delightful old earthenware products, did not begin until after the English potters had tried to imitate Chinese porcelain.

The English Awakening

THE early English porcelain was what is known as soft porcelain, and much of it was of great beauty; and it is well to remember that Bow began to be made approximately in 1730, Chelsea in 1745, Derby, Worcester and Lowestoft shortly after 1750, and Bristol a little later. All of these kinds are much sought. Gradually following the making of soft porcelain, the factories, having discovered kaolin, began to make some porcelain of the hard paste.

For a time, throughout Europe, the making of porcelain was superintended by kings, as in Naples, Meissen, Sèvres, Berlin; but in England it was always more of a mercantile venture only, and was but casually patronized by the monarchs. Crown Derby is so named in honor of one single visit of a royal George to the factory. Queensware has its name in honor of the acceptance by Queen Charlotte of a caudle set presented by Wedgwood. The Chelsea factory did attract a king's attention for a few years, but it was a very few years only.

Of the really exquisite English earthenware—referring now to such as is not porcelain, although, as has been noted, it all comes by universal usage under the classification of "china"—the most famous is that made by Wedgwood.

Wedgwood was the pottery genius of all time. He came of a poor family, and was born in 1730. When but eleven years old he was put to work in a pottery. While he was still under twenty-one he began manufacturing on his own account, and his success was rapid.

He did not make porcelain. Instead he made earthenware that was more beautiful than any porcelain. And this alone was a marvelous triumph. Wedgwood not only made glazed cream-colored earthenware, such as his queensware, but perfected an unglazed surface of very hard ware, in blue or green or lavender, and on this laid the most graceful and exquisite-cut figures in white relief. For this work he employed Flaxman, the sculptor, and many others of note. These wares alone gave him a world-wide reputation. He made teapots and jugs that have never been equaled for grace and utility; and, a point of practical value to housekeepers, they always poured well. Wedgwood made for the poor, in good dishes of low price, and he made for the most wealthy, in products of beautiful design and workmanship. He continued his pottery until his death, in 1795, and was succeeded by his sons.

Four Famous Makers

LEEDS and Spode are two other wares of great beauty which, like Wedgwood ware, are not of porcelain. Leeds won its reputation with delicate cream-colored ware, very light in weight and most intricately perforated in patterns. Spode is in beautiful shapes and distinctive colors. Like Wedgwood, Spode is one of the very few wares known by the name of the maker instead of the place where he worked. Indeed, Wedgwood and Spode, and the more ancient Palissy and Della Robbia, whose work was also non-porcelain, far outshine in personal fame any maker of porcelain.

Wedgwood is one of the many wares included within the classification of "Staffordshire." There were many Staffordshire potteries, and one of those whose products are well known on this side of the Atlantic was that of Enoch Wood, who began to make pottery about the close of the Revolutionary War, and whose works were carried on at first under his own name and then with the addition of "and Sons." James Clews was another of the well-known makers, and in 1829 he had become the largest manufacturer of dark blue Staffordshire.

Most of the blue china in America is Staffordshire; and, conversely, most of the Staffordshire potters made blue china.

The deep blue Staffordshire was attractive, durable and cheap, because of a newly discovered process by which printing was used instead of hand decoration. The picture desired on a dish was transferred by tissue-paper from an engraved plate to the unglazed surface of the dish, which absorbed the oil and the color; the paper was then washed off, and the dish glazed and baked.

A really surprising point, which should be thoroughly understood by the collector, is the comparatively recent date at which the greater part of "old blue china" was made.

The greater part of Staffordshire was made after our Revolutionary War; before that time the output was not large. By far the greater portion of "old blue" in the United States was made between 1820 and 1840!

Dating Back Old Family Pieces

THERE is nothing more amazing than the myths and misapprehensions regarding the age of most old china. There is a little of the very old in existence here, but only a little. Mistaken family tradition and unconscious exaggeration have much to answer for. We have even been shown a delightful dark-blue plate with the design upon it of Fulton's steamboat, and have been soberly assured that "it has been in the family since before the Revolution."

Many an ardent beginner finds his enthusiasm chilled by learning that his prize is much less than a century old; but this will no longer dishearten him when he learns of the great value placed by connoisseurs on many a nineteenth-century piece.

Amazing was the variety of the blue that our forefathers possessed. Collectors classify over seven hundred patterns by name, and most of them by maker, exclusive of many makes of the willow pattern and of the flowing-blue.

It is fascinating to collect plates upon which are pictures of American scenery. These plates were made by various English potteries, and it is humorous to notice how often they pictured almshouses and prisons. But there are also Mount Vernon, Castle Garden and town halls, however, and many attractive views—even though one potter did make Niagara in two separate and narrow falls, one above the other!

An immense popularity came in America to the dark-blue china with designs relating to the War of 1812. Many of these had not only pictures, but high-sounding mottoes of patriotism, worded with the most deadly insults toward England—and all of this, it is delightful to know, was made in English potteries by Englishmen, who were so anxious for American trade as to exhaust invention in thinking of triumphant phrases of scorn toward their own country.

A host of designs were also made picturing Washington in various postures, and even more showed Franklin in variety of view. And one factory, out-clevering the cleverness of the others, sent hither sets of dishes pictured with Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson and Clinton, confabulatively grouped, with the towers of Windsor Castle looming in the background.

Sometimes, at an auction, a price will suddenly soar unreasonably, and this will probably be because there is competitive bidding for a plate needed in the completing of some series.

For example, there are twelve of the extremely beautiful series of old blue Staffordshire known as "States' Arms." They are of dark blue and beautifully printed with the coats-of-arms of twelve of the original States—

(Continued on Page 51)

1 — Melon-Shaped Cream Jug of English Porcelain. 2 Blue Staffordshire Jug. 3 Sunderland Jug. 4 — Black Basalt Pitcher, with Strawberry and Grape Vines in Relief. 5 — Copper-Lustre Jug
6 — Silver-Lustre Cream Jug. 7 — Small Earthenware Cream Jug with Blue Grapes in Relief. 8 Egg-Shaped Cream Pitcher of Sevres Porcelain. 9 — Small Jug in Italian Majolica

THE PARTNERSHIP DOG

And What a Bad Name Did for Spotty

By Grace Sartwell Mason

REDDY BARLOW claimed the dog because it had followed his father's horses home from Newington; and Slim Cannon said Spotty was *his* dog because he had seen it first. From these two contentions a vexed and absorbing question arose. At first it seemed as if it might ruin forever the friendship of Reddy and Slim. The controversy spread at once to the gang of which Reddy and Slim were prominent members; it raged for two days and ended in a grand conference in Reddy's barn.

The gang was all there, likewise the dog. Spotty, amiably submitting to a piece of string about his neck, was led in by Slim, who had momentary possession. He was an engaging dog, and there was not a boy in the gang who did not covet him when Slim brought him forward.

Gumdrop, whose father was a lawyer, suggested that they elect a jury and that he should be judge, but there threatened to be wrangling because every one, including the litigants, wanted to be in the jury, so it was decided that Reddy and Slim should each state his side of the case and then they would all vote.

Reddy got the floor first.

"Well," he began hotly, "you fellers all know that Spotty followed my father's horses home from Newington, an' he come right into *our* barn an' laid down on *our* hay, an' if that don't prove ——"

Here Slim Cannon interrupted: "Aw, well! I *saw* him first of any one, an' I ——"

At this a shrill protest went up from the gang. "Aw, we saw him *ourselves* first in Main Street! It was right by Maccabee Hall, an' if first saw first *have* is what you're goin' by ——"

The two litigants looked at each other. There was disgust, not unmingled with alarm, in their faces. They saw Spotty being torn limb from limb by these unexpected claimants, and they promptly chose the lesser of two evils.

"Well, if you fellers are all going to claim him," said Reddy, "I guess Slim an' I'll settle it between us. I don't mind," he added magnanimously, "lettin' Slim keep him nights."

"Say, you must think I'm easy!" interrupted Slim bitterly. "Now, I'll just tell you what I'll do. I'm willin' to go halves. If any one asts us we c'n say he's a partnership dog. He c'n live at your house part the time an' at my house part the time, an' as long as you an' me 're always 'round together anyway, why, it won't matter *whose* he is."

This seemed eminently just and practical even to the unwilling Reddy. It was the only way out of a delicate dilemma, and he accepted it perforce, though the necessity of sharing Spotty with any one rankled in his dog-loving heart. It seemed harder when he looked at Spotty. Any one could see with half an eye that Spotty was a dog of extraordinary parts.

His coat of reddish yellow stubble showed good Irish terrier blood, but that there was a suspicion of Scotch in him was plain from the way the hair parted down the middle of his nose and fell over his twinkling eyes. With this mixture of breeds Spotty could not fail to be a humorist and when the further facts are recorded that he had a pointerlike tail and the deep chest of a foxhound, it will be understood that Spotty was also a sport. Over one eye he had a liver-colored spot. His tail he carried gayly, as one who has no care for the morrow.

Toward his two masters he preserved an air of impartial friendliness. He had always been a dog of vagrant instincts, and the matter of a master did not concern him greatly. Standing in the centre of the ring of boys, he amiably accepted the attentions heaped upon him and appraised them all with his shrewd eyes.

The gang talked learnedly of his good points, and Slim swaggered a little. He made Spotty show the black roof of his mouth, and offered to bet that he could lick any dog in town.

Reddy Barlow did not say much, but he put his hand on Spotty's head and looked deep into the dog's eyes. He was ashamed to show how unsportsmanlike was his feeling for Spotty, but in his heart he knew that by grace of mutual affection he, and not Slim, was the dog's real master.

Reddy and Slim were next-door neighbors, which was convenient for the partnership dog. After one breakfast at Reddy's house he could call at the rear door of Slim's for a second, and all day long he trotted at the heels of the two chums.

Although the question of ownership was thus settled to the apparent satisfaction of both sides, it lurked in the background, and, on occasion, rose to trouble not only Reddy and Slim, but their respective families.

When Spotty, grown in *savoir faire* through high living and much attention, walked across the Cannon kitchen with muddy feet, the neighborhood heard the voice of Norah calling Slim to witness how that dirty Barlow dog had tracked up her kitchen floor. And likewise Mrs. Barlow when she discovered Spotty asleep in the Morris-chair.

"Henry," she said firmly, "I want you to send this Cannon dog straight home."

And Reddy, his faith in his mother temporarily shaken, had to keep Spotty in the barn for the rest of the day.

But mothers are known to be whimsical in regard to furniture and kitchen floors; fathers are expected to be reasonable and to stand by a boy whatever happens. It therefore came as a shock to Reddy and Slim when their respective fathers repudiated Spotty. This happened on the day that the dog-tax man came around.

"One dollar taxes," said the tax man to Slim's father, "on that dog of yours."

"Oh, he isn't mine," declared Mr. Cannon hastily; "he belongs to the Barlows."

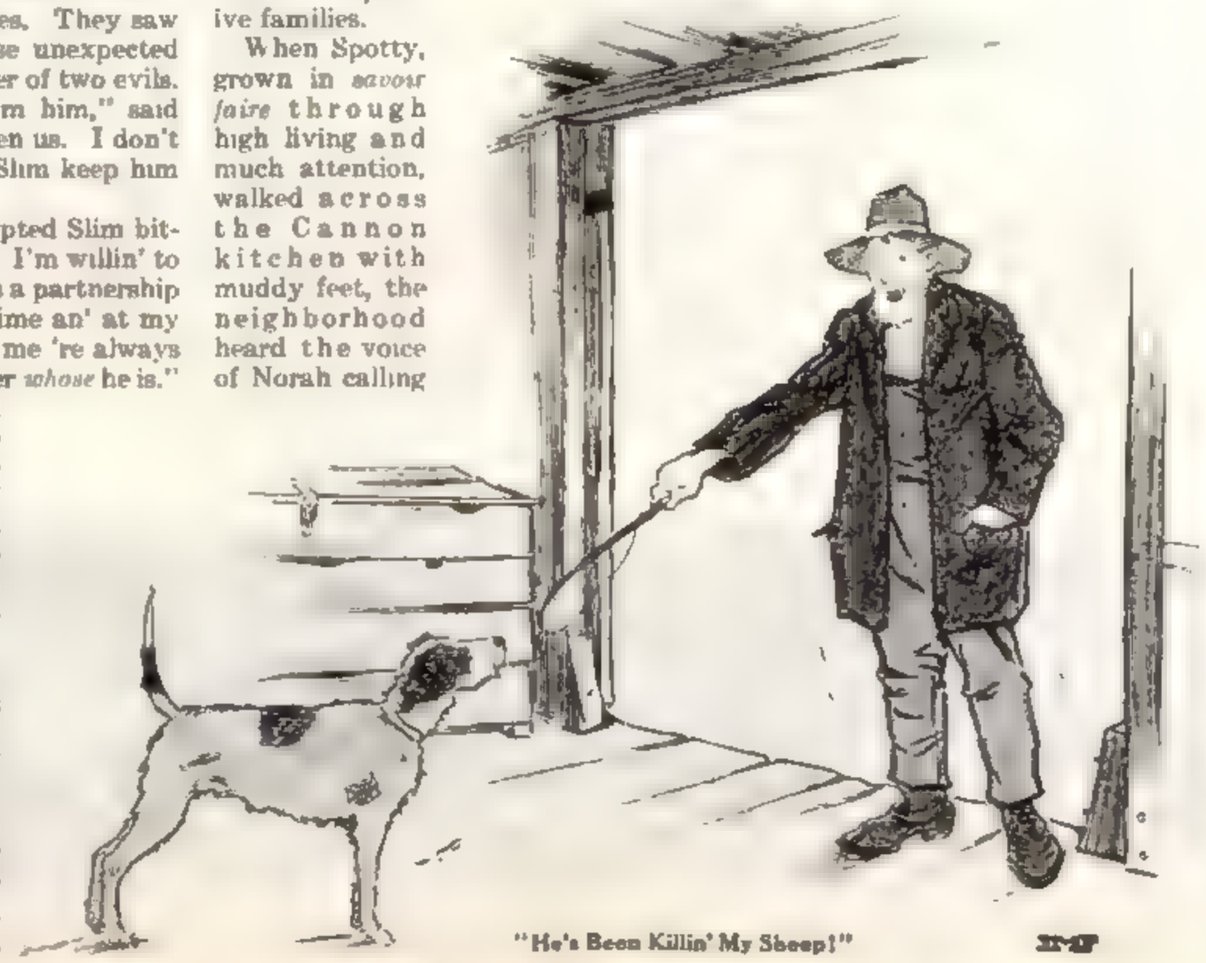
Mr. Barlow, interviewed, gave it as his opinion that the dog was a tramp, and that, if he belonged to any one, it was to Slim Cannon.

Upon this Reddy crept into the hayloft. In the clover-scented dusk, with his arm about Spotty's neck, he shed the hot tears of boyhood—those tears that come so easily and are hidden with such shame. It is a terrible thing when a boy's own father and mother disappoint him; Reddy felt that at such a time a faithful dog could not be too much appreciated. He kept Spotty hidden until the baffled dog-tax man had gone; and then, when he did appear, there was Slim Cannon waiting to claim once more his share of the partnership dog. Reddy sighed as he watched Slim lead him off that night, but he consoled himself with the reflection that half a dog is better than none at all. Perhaps, in time, he'd be able to buy out Slim, then he'd have a dog all his own.

For the partnership dog and his two masters the summer days that followed were all too short. The three lived an ideal life. They adventured in the cool dusk of woods, they swam together in green-shadowed pools, they lay down under trees in meadows where a grasshopper chorus shrilled them to sleep in the drowsy heat. No matter what was demanded of him, Spotty always rose to the occasion. With equal cleverness and amiability he played every part, from a water-buffalo to a mountain lion.

As they ranged the hills he developed a fine nose for a woodchuck; at the foot of trees and stumps he dug with a fury which strengthened the boys' hope that one day he would certainly catch something. Afternoons, when they fished in the river, he trod himself a nest in the grass at their backs, and lay down with a whistling sigh of contentment. Evenings he swaggered at their heels up and down Main Street with such self-possession that boys and dogs alike looked on with envy.

But no happiness is permanent, and in Reddy's sky there appeared one day



"He's Been Killin' My Sheep!"

a small cloud to mar his joy of possession. Rising unusually early on a September morning he caught Spotty just slinking back to his kennel, with bloodshot eyes, cringing when spoken to, and all too obviously suffering from a guilty conscience. His coat was wet with dew; he was still panting as if he had run far.

"Why, Spotty!" exclaimed Reddy; "wherever have you been?" He put his hand on the dog's head and his heart sank under a sudden suspicion—to the dog's rough coat there clung a wisp of fleece. The country-bred boy knew it could mean only one thing—sheep. Without a word he washed the mud from Spotty's coat and shut him in his kennel. An obscure instinct decided him that he must not tell any one, least of all Slim, of what he suspected. He denied that Spotty *could* do wrong, but he went to bed that night with his spirits in his toes.

And the next day Nemesis was upon them. The boys had gathered that afternoon in Reddy's barn. Gumdrop, Slim, Hank Downs and Licorice-legs were there, sitting in a half-circle about the big barn door with Spotty curled up asleep on the hay, when there drove up the lane an angry man, who was looking, so he said, for a long-legged yellow dog. All the boys stared at him with round eyes of apprehension while he described Spotty to the life.

"I jest want to know who this dog belongs to," the farmer ended grimly; "he's been killin' my sheep!"

There was a gasp of horror from the boys. Could it be that Spotty, the idolized one, was a villain of the worst sort possible in the dog world? They looked with open mouths from Spotty, who had crawled out of his nest, to Spotty's two masters.

"That's the dog—whose is he?" demanded the farmer.

"He—he's Slim's an' Reddy's," said Gumdrop, fearful of contamination.

"Oh, he is, is he?" commented the farmer. "Well, now, you c'n jest ——"

But here Slim Cannon interrupted. "He ain't *my* dog," he said hastily. "He never did belong to me—I jest kind of—of kept him sometimes! He's Reddy Barlow's dog."

The heart leaped in Reddy's throat. He had never been so scared in all his life, but he stepped forward quickly and laid his hand on Spotty's collar.

"Yes, sir, he's my dog," he said in a small voice. With the words a sense of triumph swelled up in him. He pressed the dog's head against his knee. "An' he ain't a sheep-chaser, neither! I c'n prove it by the fellers here. He's always taggin' us around all day, an' at night he's shut up in his house. Why, he *couldn't* uv chased your sheep," and then his voice suddenly faltered. He thought of Spotty with guilt in his eyes and a telltale wisp of fleece clinging to his coat.

His brown hand closed nervously in the coarse hair of Spotty's neck. He was his own dog; couldn't a fellow defend his own dog if he wanted to? He looked up at the farmer desperately. "I know he couldn't uv chased your sheep. It must uv been some other dog!"

The farmer looked obstinate. "Well," he said, as he gathered up his reins, "I'm goin' to see the sheriff now, and, when you git a notice from him to kill that dog of yours, you'd better do it quick an' save yourself and your pa a lot of trouble."

He drove off. A scared silence was upon the boys. Over them there fell the baleful shadow of the law. Reddy sat on an upturned pail with an arm about the accused Spotty. His heart was as lead under a fearful sense of guilt. He had lied to the farmer and he was threatened with the sheriff. The combined crimes of himself and Spotty seemed almost more than he could bear. But that was all the more reason why he should talk very fast and loud in an effort to convince himself as well as the rest of the gang that Spotty was wronged. He heaped up arguments in Spotty's defense until his own spirit rose defiantly, and the boys, even down to the timid Gumdrop, were fired to Spotty's banner. They suggested several plans to defeat the law. Licorice-legs' idea appealed to them strongly.

They would hide Spotty in the cave on Benson's Hill, and take turns feeding him. They would go, two at a time (for company), at night only, by the aid of a torch. Each member of the gang should swear not to reveal Spotty's hiding-place, no matter what tortures were brought to bear upon him, and ——

"Aw, what's the use of all that trouble?" said Slim, who had no imagination. "My father knows the shurr'f, an' he'll jest speak to him. Then the shurr'f'll know better than to arrest any dog of *ours*."

At the word Reddy sprang to his feet. His brown eyes had flecks of fire in them.

"Your dog!" he cried. "You was in an awful hurry just now, Slim Cannon, to say he wasn't your dog. You said he was my dog—didn't he, fellers?"

Stern justice compelled the others to admit that Slim had thrown away before witnesses all claim to Spotty.

"Well, then," said Reddy, "if he's my dog I won't have him sneaked to no cave as if he was really a sheep-chaser, an' I won't go whinin' to no shurr'f, either. I ain't afraid!"

And with Spotty at his heels he walked out, leaving a brave impression behind him. He had said aloud and to himself that he wasn't afraid, but he was. It grew worse as night came on. He ached to tell the whole affair to father, and it would have been infinite

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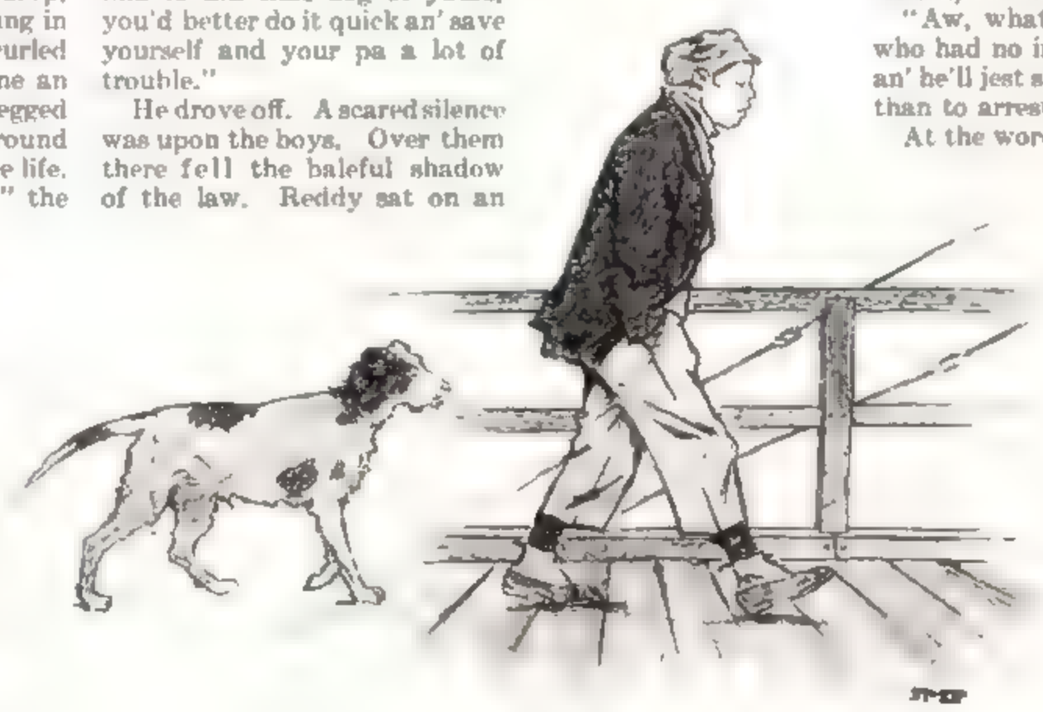


They Saw Reddy and His Dog Coming Across the Bridge

THE MAN HUNT

A STORY OF BROADWAY

By ARTHUR TRAIN

VII

RALSTON turned west at Eighth Street and crossed Sixth Avenue at a slow trot. He had surrendered the reins to the driver and was now racking his brains for a solution of his extraordinary and sensational predicament. The girl had taken Sullivan's motionless head into her lap.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the cabby through the manhole.

"I don't know," answered Ralston. "Lose us if you can, that's all. Lose us so we won't be able to find our own way back."

They continued west, following narrow, dimly-lit streets, under the shadow of high warehouses. Sullivan had given as yet no sign of life and the girl had not spoken since Twenty-third Street. The strain of the situation began to tell.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" inquired Ralston with an attempt at jocularity. The girl did not reply, and, as he heard her sobbing softly, a pang of remorse touched him. What business had he to force this young woman into being an accessory after the fact in what might be heralded as a crime?

"Miss Davenport," he said, "I'm awfully sorry to have dragged you into this. Indeed I am. Let me drive you home. I'll look after Sullivan, and if necessary take him to a hospital."

"And leave you to stick this out by yourself? Not on your life!" she replied. "It's a bad mix-up, but we've got to pull it off somehow. But first we've got to do something for Jim. Look, there's a drug-store over there and a night-light."

"But that won't do," expostulated Ralston. "We never could explain to the officer on post. We'll have to go somewhere else. You know about these things. Where?"

"Yes, yes—I know."

"Well, quickly!"

The cabman was peering down through the manhole.

"Do you know Commerce Street?" asked the girl.

"Sure I do," said the cabby.

"Well, go to Number 589."

The cabman wheeled around his horse. They were in Greenwich village now, and not far from the old New York Central freight depot. Trim little brick houses with white portals and tiny eaves lined the streets. Slender lanes led away into black distances. The night was silent save for the rush and roar of the elevated and the clack of their own horse's hoofs. Not a window was agleam. In this respectable neighborhood folks went to bed betimes, and got up early.

The cool night air soothed Ralston's nerves, but with it he felt limp and tired. The excitement at the restaurant, the wild dash down Fifth Avenue, the presence with them of a man who might perhaps be dead, the fear of pursuit, the extraordinary situation in which he, a man of so much recent prominence, found himself, the strange way in which this girl had become a partner in his fortunes, dazed and bewildered him.

"He can't be dead!" muttered Ralston. "He can't be dead!"

The cab turned into a little street lined with irregularly-shaped houses. A few gnarled and distorted trees whose trunks burst out of the concrete pavement raised their dust-laden branches, prehensile and unnatural, into the starlight. A hundred feet from where the street began it turned sharply to the left, forming a right angle, and debouched again into another thoroughfare. Had one of the ends of it been closed it would have formed a natural *cul-de-sac*—an appendix to one of the great canals of the city. And with curious impropriety the city fathers had named this "accidental" Commerce Street, leaving it to the imagination as to why it had been so named. A rickety gas-lamp leaned dangerously toward a flight of high wooden steps in an angle of the street. Strangely enough, when the street turned the house turned too, so that half its front faced north and half east. The natural inference was that inside the house was shaped like a piece of pie, with its partially-bitten point abutting on the corner of the street.

Ralston took charge of Sullivan, and the girl sprang down and stepped into the area. Somewhere at a great distance a bell rang once, and then, more faintly, a second time. They waited in silence. On the main thoroughfare beyond the gnarled trees a policeman slowly sauntered across the street. At the top of one of the opposite houses a window was raised cautiously and voices could be heard whispering. Again the bell jangled loosely in the distance, then came the sound of iron bars rattling and bolts being shot back. A grating creaked rustily.

"It's me—Flora. Let me in."

The girl ran back to the cab and a match flared in the grating. Ralston thought he saw a wrinkled face behind the light.

"All right. Bring him in," said the girl.

Ralston and the cabman lifted the lank form of Sullivan to the sidewalk and half carried, half dragged him into the area. At their feet lay a small flight of steps upon which played a feeble light from the inside. Down this they pulled the victim of Ralston's strange quest. A passage opened before them, in the middle of which stood a tiny, wrinkled woman, who watched them with snapping, restless eyes, like those of a blackbird.

The girl pushed by them and, taking the candle from the woman, opened a door leading to the right. The air was close and unwholesome. A bed with only a mattress covering the springs stood in the corner, and upon this Ralston and the cabman placed the still unconscious form of Mr. Sullivan.

"That'll do for the present," said the girl. "Now you" (addressing the cabman) "wait outside. If the cop asks what you are doin', you're waiting for a fare in another house, see?"

The cabman retired, and the little woman lit a kerosene lamp. The girl disappeared and returned with a wet sponge and a bottle of ammonia. She now opened Sullivan's shirt and sponged his face with perfect confidence. Then she poured some ammonia upon the sponge and applied it to his nostrils. Ralston, leaning over the bed, coughed in spite of himself.

Sullivan opened his eyes a little; the girl removed the sponge and put her head close to his face.

"He's breathing—he'll come round all right," she said. "He stays 'out' an awful long time."

She gave him the ammonia again and the patient gasped audibly. Ralston heaved a great sigh of relief. Although

he had known himself to be absolutely in the right he was aware that this body-snatching was, to say the least, irregular. Had the fellow died it would have made a nasty story for the papers. He sank back on a horsehair rocking-chair and the room grew black with little pricking stars. The next moment he felt the sponge thrust in his face.

"You're almost out yourself, Mr. Ralston. I'll have a cup of coffee ready for you in a minute. Lie down on the sofa."

Ralston indeed felt sick and faint, the lids of his eyes seemed like lead, pulled down by invisible but powerful strings. The man was not dead! But Steadman—he'd think of Steadman in a moment, after he had rested his eyes a little ——

He leaned back his head—and slept. A hand resting lightly on his forehead awakened him half an hour later, and he opened his eyes to find a big cup of steaming coffee at his elbow. The room was as stuffy and warm as ever. The lamp cast but an uncertain light on the walls, which, he noticed, were quite bare of ornament. Over the windows were heavy wooden shutters, bolted on the inside. On the bed lay Sullivan, breathing heavily. The floor was covered by a dirty rag carpet, and the only articles of furniture besides the bed itself were a horsehair-covered lounge, a small table and two horsehair-covered chairs, and in the midst of this uncouth picture stood a girl in shimmering evening dress, her white shoulders shining in the lamplight, offering him a cup of hot and fragrant coffee.

"You're a brick," said Ralston feebly.

The girl smiled.

"Kind of funny, ain't it? To think of you and me and him"—she pointed over her shoulder—"being here! What a rumpus the police'll make when they can't find him at any hospital. It's a queer mix-up, now, ain't it?"

"I should say it *was!*" echoed Ralston. He gulped down the coffee. "Do you live here?" he asked, sweeping the room again with his eyes. The girl smiled.

"Not generally," she said.

"But this house—whose is it?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"They've never been able to find out at the tax-office," she said.

"You're a good girl," said Ralston inconsequently.

The smile on the girl's face changed. She started to speak. Then she closed her eyes, covered them with her hands.

The figure in the bed gave vent to a long-drawn-out snort and tossed heavily, and the girl dabbed her eyes with her wrists and rose to her feet.

"He's waking up," she whispered. "He'll be crazy when he sees you here."

"But I brought him here," said Ralston, "and it was his own fault. Besides, he is going to find Steadman for me."

"Find Steadman for you?" she exclaimed.

"Why, certainly! Why not?"

The girl looked at him in amazement.

"And that's why you carried him off?"

"Yes—naturally—of course. What did you think?"

She gave a low laugh and clapped her hands softly together.

"And I thought all along it was just to get yourself out of the mess you were in—to avoid the publicity and all! I didn't see your game. I thought it was all up for you—and all you could do was to get out of having to go to court! But they can't count you out, can they? My, you *have* got a nerve!" she finished enthusiastically.

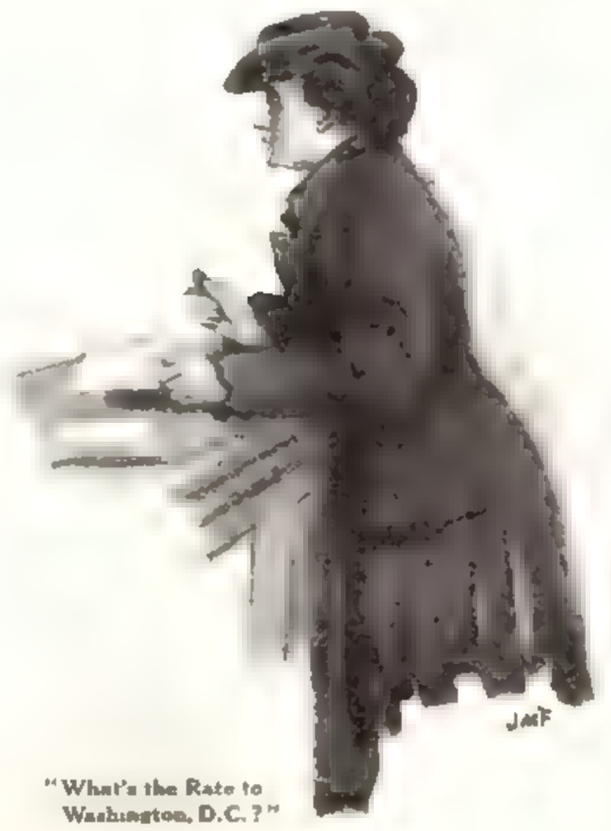
Ralston shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you it wasn't as clearly thought out as all that. It was like clutching at whatever was left. Sullivan's my only clue. How can I force a statement from this fellow? What has he done? What hold can I get on him?"

The girl looked at him half-frightened, yet full of admiration.

"Don't try it, Mr. Ralston," she whispered. "Give it up. You can't do it. It's too late. Besides, Sullivan's a dangerous man—a man who stands in with all the politicians—a bad fellow to threaten. He's done enough, Heaven knows, to send him to jail a dozen times—but leave him alone! You've done enough for Steadman. If you try to monkey with Sullivan *anything* might happen to you. You mightn't leave this house alive. Get away before it's too late. You're probably due in Washington about now. This night's work will blow over, and Steadman isn't worth the powder to blow his brains out." She clasped her hands with a gesture of entreaty.

"No," said Ralston. "I've begun, and I must finish the job. I mightn't have gone into it if I had known what it was going to cost, but it's too late to back out now. Besides, I've nothing to lose.



"What's the Rate to Washington, D.C.?"

I'm done for. This 'Bertin' business would kill the Administration if I didn't resign. In fact, the public need never know that I have accepted. Fancy! The police looking for the Second Assistant Secretary of the Navy as a fugitive from justice! Why, the papers will be full of it. But that doesn't help me with Steadman. I've got to force this fellow here to give up. Tell me something to use as a lever."

The man on the bed groaned loudly and elevated one knee high in the air. The girl hesitated, evidently torn between various conflicting claims of loyalty.

"Tell him," she whispered after a moment—"Tell him you know all about Shackleton and the Mercantile bonds. If that isn't enough, say you'll hand him over for the Masterson deal—that'll fetch him, but be careful and don't get him angry. He may not know where Steadman is, after all. But I heard him say that the gang had almost finished trimming Steadman and were going to finish him up to-night—at cards, I think. They've already got almost every cent he has ——"

Sullivan gave a harsh cough and arose to a sitting position.

"Shackleton—Mercantile bonds—Masterson deal," murmured Ralston to himself.

"Huh! That you, Floss?" grunted Sullivan. "What are we doin' here? Where's the old woman?"

"Sh-h! It's all right, Jim," said the girl. "We made a clean get-away. You came near running in the lot of us."

"What're you talking about?" mumbled Sullivan. "'Bout 'get-aways'?" Then he caught sight of Ralston. "Who's this feller?"

"All right, Mr. Sullivan, I'm a friend of yours," said Ralston quietly.

Sullivan looked fixedly at him for a moment without speaking.

"I've seen you before," he muttered. "Somewheres."

"Sure," said Ralston with a laugh. "You tried to do me up at 'The Bertin' not over an hour ago."

Sullivan glared at him.

"Whatcher doin' here?"

"Same thing I was going to do at 'The Bertin' if you'd given me the chance—have a talk with you."

Sullivan looked puzzled and rubbed the back of his head. He had none of the resplendency of his earlier appearance.

"Must ha' fallen an' hit my head," said he in an explanatory manner. "Say, did any one *club* me?"

"No," said Ralston. "But you got a pretty rough deal."

"Say," repeated Sullivan, "how'd you come to bring me to this place?"

"I had to take you somewhere," said Ralston. There was a pause of several seconds, during which Sullivan endeavored to readjust himself.

"What's yer name?" he inquired.

"Sackett," said Ralston.

"Sackett," repeated Sullivan. "I don't know Sackett. What's yer business?"

"Oh, I'm a detective," answered Ralston lightly.

Sullivan started and clutched at the mattress.

"Detective!" he muttered. "What d'yer want?"

"I don't want anything," said Ralston. "I know quite a lot about you, Mr. Sullivan, but it stays where it is. All I want is a little help."

"You go to the dickens," growled Sullivan.

"No—no!" said Ralston quietly. "Not yet. I want you to tell me where I can find Steadman. You see, his folks are anxious, and it's worth quite a little to me to locate him. It needn't interfere with any of your plans. Besides, I imagine you're about through with him, eh?"

The color returned to Sullivan's face and he snarled angrily.

"None of that to me, see? I am on to you, understand? You'd better get out of here, while you're still able."

The girl, who had remained silent, now spoke again:

"Be careful, Jim; this man can make trouble for us."

Sullivan looked sharply at her, but evidently nothing about her appearance or speech excited his suspicions.

"Mr. Sullivan," continued Ralston from his seat in the horsehair rocker, "I don't mean you any harm. In fact, I can do you a good turn, now and then, if you'll help me out. All I want is my coin for turning up this chap Steadman. I know he's no good. He's anybody's money. He's nothing to me. But it's all in my day's work. Now, don't think me disagreeable. I want Steadman; you want—well, you don't want certain little incidents of your career to get to the ears of the District Attorney—the Shackleton bonds, for example. Now, don't be alarmed. I haven't the slightest intention of giving you away, but, come now, let's be on the level with each other."

Sullivan cast an evil look at him.

"You think you've got something on me, eh? Prove it! What bonds did you say?"

Ralston saw that he had nearly made a slip.

"Quite right," said he. "I said Shackleton bonds—I was *thinking* of Shackleton. Of course, I meant the Mercantile bonds. But if you have any doubt about my sincerity I might go into the Masterson matter ——"

But Sullivan was on his feet, his eyes staring, and his face as pale as it had been on the floor of "The Bertin."

"For Heaven's sake!" he implored.

Ralston rose.

"Come! Come! Is it a bargain? You help me and I help you. Where is he?"

"I'll go with you," muttered Sullivan. "Where's my coat?" He looked around anxiously. There was no doubt as to the effectiveness of the reference to the Masterson case.

"Get me a coat," he ordered of the girl. Florence Davenport left the room, leaving the two men facing one another—the criminal and the gentleman. It would have been hard to say which looked the more haggard. The light of the dim lamp made the rings around Ralston's eyes look like huge, horn-rimmed spectacles, and his mouth was drawn to a thin line. Inside his head was beginning to sing and the corners of his lids to twitch. He knew the symptoms. He was beginning to "fade out." But he was getting warm now and he paid no heed to himself.

The girl returned, bringing in her arms a pile of new silk-lined black overcoats. Ralston remembered it afterward, but at the time it had not impressed him. It is doubtful if he knew definitely the meaning of the term—"a fence."

Mechanically he selected one to fit him, and Sullivan did the same. The Davenport girl put on the smallest.

"Gimme a hat," said Sullivan.

Again the girl departed and presently returned with an odd collection of old felt hats of various styles. Now, fully arrayed, Sullivan felt his way gingerly to the door. A pale gleam filtered through the grating. The bolt was shot back and Ralston found himself in the fresh, morning air.

A white, misty light filled the sky like a diaphanous, pulsating sheet. If you looked for it it was gone, but as you

Offering Him a Cup of Hot and Fragrant Coffee

watched the opposite houses you knew it to be there. Night was struggling with the day, and the cohorts of darkness were still in the ascendent. The tang of the breeze told the story, filtering in from the river. But the lamps showed brighter than ever. On his box the cabman slumbered, while his steed did likewise in cab-horse fashion.

Sullivan reached up and shook him roughly. Across the end of the street heavy trucks were making their way eastward, filling the little niche in which they stood with a deafening clatter

"Drive up Broadway," ordered Sullivan.

The cabman removed his hat, ran his finger around the sweat-band and replaced it on his head

"Hully gee!" he repeated reminiscently. Several yanks were required to hoist the horse into a position appropriate to locomotion, and when action was achieved the animal started as if walking on eggs. Sullivan and Ralston took Miss Davenport in her black overcoat between them. Ralston could not tell whether the sky above was white or blue.

Slowly they dragged out into Barrow Street and turned into Green Street. Once or twice they passed a lonely pedestrian or a stray policeman. Soon they saw the lights of the elevated structure at Jefferson Market and caught the moving windows of the trains. A line of truck-wagons was moving slowly southward, the drivers sleeping, unmindful of their route. Milk wagons jangling from Hudson Avenue added a livelier note. There was a smell of morning everywhere.

Suddenly Ralston knew he saw white and not blue above the housetops. The thought filled him with a nervous anxiety to lose no time, and he pushed up the manhole and ordered the cabby to make haste.

"What do you think I am—a bloomin' steamboat?" inquired the cabby in sleepy wrath.

They wheeled into Sixth Avenue and Ralston noticed that the surface cars which passed already had some passengers. Men were standing in twos and threes upon the street corners. Most of them were smoking clay pipes. He wondered what manner of men went to work at this hour. They passed Fourteenth Street and found many persons walking westward—at nightfall they would plod back. It was a long, long way to go to work. No one had spoken in the cab as yet.

"Funny how small the city seems at night," said the girl.

Although there was a germ of psychological truth in the remark, Ralston could think of nothing in reply. He had often noticed the same phenomenon. Of an afternoon, with Fifth Avenue crowded to the curbs, the distance from his club to Forty-second Street appeared immense. By night it seemed no more than a block or two. Now, as they rode northward in the graying light, the distances which his mental cyclometer ticked off seemed small and the pace inordinately slow

Sullivan had maintained a consistent silence The Masterson affair had effectually put a quietus upon his belligerency. Ralston was overwhelmed with sleep. There was a weight behind each of his eyeballs that seemed forcing them downward and outward, and the humming in the back of his head had returned. A faint odor of violets and rice powder emanated from the overcoat beside him. Now and again the small head, with its piles of brown hair and old slouch hat, would begin to incline gradually and gently in his direction, only to be raised again when the brim of the hat touched his shoulder. He leaned his own head in the corner and closed his eyes.

Instantly a heavy curtain, warm, fragrant, deliciously soothing, seemed drawn over him. He found himself talking to Ellen in Miss Evarts' drawing-room. He felt again the elation of his appointment, the gratefulness of appreciation. The man was painting in his name on the blackboard—the man in the yellow-and-black sweater—and he heard the crowd spelling it out and repeating it. Once again he experienced the thrill it had occasioned him the night before. He realized anew the extent to which his selection had brought him into the public eye—the influence which the success or failure of his appointment would have upon the Administration.

The President had been already severely criticised for giving important places to comparatively young and untried men—men of the silk-stocking class—and the President had but a doubtful hold upon the people. Several canards had been started which, with the aid of recent socialistic propaganda, had made considerable headway. The yellow journals were denouncing the war as imperialistic, as an excuse for an ambitious Executive to play the part of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. They charged that he was surrounding himself with the rich and powerful, and their sons. He was contrasted with Washington and Jefferson. In a word, the Administration was in a ticklish position.

Then, upon Ralston's wearied brain flashed the picture of his meeting with Colonel Duer; the tawdry tarnished environment of his search for the worthless Steadman his arrival at "The Bertin" at two in the morning, his ruse to make a woman's acquaintance, and the consequent free fight in which, so far as the crackers knew, he might have killed her companion. Then, and most unpleasant of all, his flight, bearing away his victim with him—how could he explain *that*? Why, the thing must have been flashed to every morning paper in the country. He could see the headlines:

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF NAVY KILLS MAN

Fight Arose Over Woman in Restaurant

A NEW SCANDAL FOR THE PRESIDENT TO HUSH UP

He shuddered at the thought of it. Assuming that he gave himself up and explained that he struck in self-defense, what could he say as to his having dashed away with the woman in a hansom? Where had he gone? Why had he gone there? His lips were sealed. He *could* not explain without publicly avowing the whole object of his night's work—the necessity for finding Steadman, and Steadman's relations with Ellen. He saw column after column of interviews with himself, real and imaginary. The most sacred passages of Ellen's life would be made public property, dressed up to suit the editor's fancy, and sold on the corner for a penny.

The thought sickened him. There was nothing to be done but to resign and go away. In that way only could the Administration be relieved from a most embarrassing situation, and by no other means could Ellen be saved from the humiliation incident to a truthful explanation of the affair. Then, too, he must continue his search. He could not give it up now. He must find Steadman, even while a fugitive from justice himself. He *would* find him.

He opened his eyes. They were still following Sixth Avenue beneath the elevated tracks. It had grown lighter. Sullivan had lighted a cigar. Ralston found himself trembling with excitement. A sweat had broken out all over him. Across the way, on the opposite corner, he caught the lights of a telegraph office, and he raised the manhole and told the cabby to stop.

"What's up?" inquired Sullivan, removing his cigar.

"I've got to send a telegram," said Ralston unsteadily.

Sullivan looked at him with suspicion.

"You ain't givin' me the double cross, eh?"

"If You Don't Object, I'll Take Off My Overcoat"

"I give you my word I'm not," replied Ralston. "It's only a matter of private business."

"Guess it can wait, can't it?"

Ralston smiled in spite of himself. He wished he could tell Sullivan the purport of this telegram which gave him so much anxiety. Simultaneously it occurred to him that it was undesirable to leave the cab even for a moment. Sullivan might take it into his head to disappear.

"Oh, well," he retorted, "it doesn't entirely suit my book to allow you a chance to sidestep me, either, so we'll settle it by letting Miss Davenport send the wire for me. In that way we can each continue in the other's company Much more agreeable, of course. Miss Davenport, may I ask you to get me a blank from inside?"

The girl sprang down and quickly returned with a pad of blanks and a pencil. Ralston scribbled on his knee a hasty message:

To the President, White House, Washington. Am forced, after all, to decline appointment. See morning papers. Am writing fully. RALSTON.

He handed her half a dollar and she reëntered the office. Now, Miss Davenport was a young person wise in her generation. She had seen many men in many situations, and she realized that the man who had handed her this particular telegram was in a condition bordering on collapse. Had she seen fit to use a sporting term she would have said that Ralston was groggy with nervousness and excitement. In addition she was not devoid of the usual amount of feminine curiosity. At any rate, her first move was to read the telegram.

"He's crazy!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Why, he doesn't even know whether they got his name! And Jim's all right." She turned the message over in her hand.

"I guess that telegram can wait. There won't be anything in the papers. The presses are started at two o'clock."

'Say," she remarked to the sleepy operator, "what's the rate to Washington, D. C.?"

"Twenty-five for ten words, and two cents a word over."

"Change that for me, will you? Let me have some coppers."

The man fished out the small change and went back to his accounts.

Miss Davenport slipped the paper into her pocket and returned to the cab.

"Nineteen cents change," she said, handing it to Ralston.

"Where to?" asked the cabby mechanically

' West Forty-fifth Street," said Sullivan.

They started on. The street lamps were fast paling beneath the dawn. At Thirty-third Street and Broadway a newsboy was hopping on the cars and shouting his items. A strange thrill of determination had seized Ralston.

The die was cast now. There was nothing more to consider.

"Here's your Morning Journal," cried the boy as the cab swung by. "New Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Twelfth Regiment starts with a full quota of officers!" He waved his sheets at them.

Inside the cab Ralston set his teeth.

"I'll make it a full quota!" he muttered.

They turned down Thirty-third Street into Fifth Avenue.

"Look here," said Sullivan suddenly, "all I do is to show him to you—see? Understand, I don't get into no mix-up myself! My job ends when I give you the pass."

"All right," said Ralston. "Just show him to me. That's all I ask."

"All right," repeated Sullivan.

They passed Forty-second Street and turned into Forty-fifth, just as the lights in the cross-town cars had been put out.

VIII

THE house before which they stopped was an old-fashioned brownstone front. A brownstone flight of steps with a heavy brownstone balustrade and huge, carved newel-post of the same depressing material led to a pair of heavy stained doors tight shut with the air of finality possible only to a brownstone side street. The shades on the four rows of windows of this impenetrable mansion were smoothly drawn. At the grated window in the area the lower half of a bird-cage, just visible beneath the screen, was the only indication of occupancy. The whole aspect of the place was that of somnolent respectability. One could imagine the door being swung wide, the rug shaken, the broom making a fictitious passage through the vestibule, the curtains going up unevenly in the front

(Continued on Page 23)

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The Making of a President

WE BELIEVE very much in the power of Wall Street and the big business interests to shape the next Republican nomination for the Presidency. Just at present those interests are mightily forwarding the prospects of Governor Hughes. Corporation henchmen at Albany are openly throwing bricks at him. Every brick from that quarter should be good for one delegate.

The candidate whom the "interests" most clearly distinguish before the public as their enemy will probably get the plum. If the session of the New York Legislature were prolonged and the antagonism between the Governor and the politico-financial machine sufficiently advertised, very likely the party would be forced to call a convention at New Year's for the purpose of nominating Mr. Hughes by acclamation.

This would be, in a way, unfair to Secretary Taft, who is a good man and true, but, at present, unfortunately conditioned for a candidate. The big business interests aren't doing anything to him. No popular magnate hates him. At this writing Hughes is having all the luck.

There was, in our history, an adolescent period when Presidential politics was largely a matter of machine organization, gum-shoeing and platitudes. There are those who think that delectable state is returning; who, therefore, grow pop-eyed with apprehension—or admiration—over Mr. Fairbanks' corral of Southern delegates and the friendliness to him of the money powers. They cannot, it seems to us, have been around much.

About the most radical talk we have heard lately has come, not from the inconstant multitude, but from men of substance and learning who formerly, by virtue simply of their bank accounts, would have been depended upon for conservatism. One might hit at the truth of their case by saying that they used to get a rebate of two per cent., and stood for the system; now they have learned that somebody else got a rebate of twenty per cent., and they want a square deal.

Passing On Untainted Money

WHEN Chicago was a straggling frontier town, George Smith ran a small bank there. Being astute and thrifty, he made considerable money. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad was then building—and issuing its common stock on the generous terms that usually ruled in the first stock issues of the pioneer roads. This stock, in fact, was obtainable for ten dollars a share or thereabouts.

Banker Smith secured large quantities of it, and some other like securities, for a consideration that may justly be described as hardly more than nominal. He then retired to London, where he resided in a notably modest and inexpensive manner for many years.

Meanwhile, many millions of persons, unacquainted with the former banker, were devising, risking and toiling prodigiously to develop the resources of the Northwest. Mr. Smith, in London, took tribute of all their toil. His money was not tainted. No stigma of unlawful dealing, or of hazard, or of any sort of leadership, or of bodily or mental labor in any form rested upon it. Like the person in the parable, he buried his talent—but in so marvelously lucky a manner that millions of people had to step over the spot, and every one that stepped had to pay him a dime.

Dying, at ripe age, he bequeathed his stocks to a nephew. That nephew died recently. His will leaves two hundred thousand dollars to a couple of hospitals, and the remainder of the Smith fortune, said to be about forty millions, to relatives—the bulk of it to two nephews, who are thus entitled to take a hand in shaping the policies of the St. Paul road, and to receive an income, in dividends arising from the profits of transportation in the Northwest, which will about equal each year the sum that the first Smith invested in the stocks.

When the original Smith died England levied an inheritance tax of something like a million dollars. That, and the couple of hundred thousand for the hospitals, seems to be about all that anybody except the immediate beneficiaries has got out of this fortune, to the creation of which none of its possessors contributed anything whatever, excepting the small original investment by Banker Smith. Probably it would not be worth while to mention this particular instance if it were not typical of many others. We hope to hear more about that national inheritance tax.

Irish Bill and Anglican Bull

MR. BIRRELL, Secretary for Ireland, admits that the present system of governing that country, having continued for about a century, has proven a failure—which seems to him a sufficient reason for indefinitely prolonging the same system, with some rather inconsiderable impairments, under the new Irish bill which he introduced into the House of Commons.

England's rule of Ireland is the world's most conspicuous example of benevolent assimilation. For a hundred years the dominating country has insisted that this rule was altogether for the good of the subjugated one, and that Ireland's quite impassioned belief to the contrary simply proved that she was incapable of telling what was good for her. How could people be sufficiently intelligent for self-government when it was evident that they would choose to govern themselves differently from the manner in which England governed them?

Ireland has desired independence, which naturally convinces open-minded England that she cannot possibly be entitled to it, because independence for Ireland would involve dismemberment of the Empire, and a people who would dismember the Empire merely because they are miserable under it must necessarily be lacking in that patriotism and national spirit which are essential to successful independence.

Mr. Balfour points out that even the small measure of autonomy provided in the new bill is unjust, because Ireland, with limited control over some of her own local affairs, would still send members to Parliament—where they would be privileged to make speeches and cast minority votes upon matters local to England and Scotland.

No people is incapable of self-government. Even the natives of the Congo managed to govern themselves to their own benighted satisfaction until Leopold's enlightening and homicidal rule overtook them. But when one country begins to exploit another the only way in which the exploited country can prove that it is entitled to better treatment is by agreeing that the exploitation is exactly to its taste.

The Golf and Tennis Ineligibles

THE old question of limiting championship tournament entries is again disturbing the United States Golf Association. Here we have a perennial subject which in all probability will continue perennial, not to say deciduous, until the simplest solution of all those proposed is adopted instead of being repeatedly put aside.

There are many complex interests among golfers, just as there are among lawn-tennis players. Every year the golf and the lawn-tennis championship tournaments are burdened with full sixty per cent. of entries that by every criterion of skill are ineligible. Yet their entries are received, and then, after the tiresome tournament is over, regularly the officers and the wise ones get together and grumble and wonder what can be done.

The only practicable thing that can be done is to limit entries to national championships to the winners and the runners-up of State championships. Not only would this relieve the championship of its burden of mediocrity, but also tend to encourage both games throughout the country.

A State championship in which the entries were restricted to *bona-fide* residents of the State, and whose winner and runner-up earned the privilege of representing that State at the national championship, would, of course, tend to raise the importance of the State meeting, and to have a generally uplifting influence on the play and the interest in that State.

This is true also of lawn tennis, now positively harmed by rules which permit an expert, who happens to have the time and inclination, to raid the entire schedule of State championships from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Naturally, this does not encourage the players of the several raided States.

If the lawn-tennis and the golf associations consult the best interests of their respective games and of the players thereof, not to mention the spectators, they will, first, restrict State championships to *bona-fide* residents of that State; and, second, rule that national championships be open only to the winners and the second men of State championships.

A national championship under such conditions would be significant, provocative of better play, and tend to the betterment of the game.

The Camel-Swallowers

BURGLARS and pickpockets do not publicly demand that their economic interests be considered. Whenever the police feel like raiding newsboys' "crap" games they do it, and no political currents are openly set in motion to deter them. In fine, it is thoroughly settled that some predatory and criminal things are also disreputable, and therefore must hide their shabby heads from the light of day.

On the other hand, what is described as the largest and most active lobby of the year has been notoriously exerting itself at Springfield to prevent the Illinois Legislature from passing a more stringent act against bucket-shops. Probably, the legislature would not tolerate a large and active lobby of bunco-steerers or green-goods men. But the bucket-shop has plate-glass windows and a counter almost like a bank. Its proprietor is well dressed and prosperous—suckers, as we all know, being native to Illinois. At this writing the legislature appears to be taking the lobby quite seriously.

The Arabian Fad

BEFORE the day of steam and electricity we bred the trotter for endurance, and where may be duplicated those magnificent specimens of the Morgan stock that would take a wagon and four people along the highway at a spanking pace and keep it up all day? Since the railroads came we have, alas! almost lost the Morgan strain, and been breeding our trotters for speed. And is there anything to compare with the result?—the list of wonderful horses, the table of remarkable performances that span the record between Lady Suffolk's 2 minutes, 29½ seconds for one mile in 1845 to Lou Dillon's 1 minute, 58¼ seconds in 1903 for the same distance?

The trotter blood seems equal, indeed, to whatever we ask of it. It has produced the most marvelous racing machine the world has seen; it is the blood from which the American saddle horse type is being developed; it is the predominating, indeed almost exclusive, blood in those wonderful carriage horses of high action, which have been the admiration of recent horse shows—it is, we should say, the solution of making the hackney, if we must have him, worth while in this country. We recall that once, several years ago, at the New York Horse Show, a hackney, bred from trotter stock, secured the blue ribbon as a pure blood hackney. Yet we Americans, usually so alive to business opportunities, allow this blood, sought after by the world's most astute buyers, to languish for want of adequate encouragement.

The New York Horse Show, fortunately, does not represent America in the matter of roadsters, and these classes throughout New England and the Middle West are much more satisfactory; yet they are, indeed, poor. Horse-show managers should encourage in every way an increase of entries in the trotter classes by offering the highest cash prizes they can afford.

And horse breeders will do well to bear in mind that there was never a time in the leading sales marts of America—New York, Chicago, Kansas City—when cheap horses were so little in demand and first-class horses brought as much money. The market to-day for the ordinary horse is poor, but for the No. 1 article the price was never so high.

So far as the much-flaunted Arabian is concerned, the following facts are at least suggestive. In New York last winter, at the big sale which annually follows the National Show, seven specimens of one of the most widely advertised Arabian breeding establishments of America were put on sale, and among a gathering of, perhaps, the most expert judges of horseflesh, brought, respectively, $120, $130, $510, $110, $35, $60 and $360 each.

Trotter breeders need not worry about this little Eastern Arabian fad. The East must have its fad: if it isn't a French poodle or an English bulldog, it may be an Arabian horse or a Tuxedo handshake—it must be something out of the common.

Acetylene Gas—A Correction

IN AN article on How to Protect Your Home from Fire, which appeared in our issue of May 11, the statement was made that acetylene gas should never be used for lighting purposes—a statement that is incorrect.

The use of acetylene gas is permitted by The National Board of Fire Underwriters, the court of last resort in such matters, and the chairman of their Committee of Consulting Engineers says that apparatus approved by his committee of experts, and installed and operated according to their regulations, may be used with safety.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Versatile Jaxon

MANY persons have drawn the fire of that ready and earnest firer, the President of the United States, but none with more distinguished success than Honore Joseph Jaxon, of Chicago. Honore Joseph Jaxon! Sounds like a name out of a Mary Jane Holmes book, doesn't it? But it isn't. Mary Jane never, in her most romantic and thrilling moments, thought up a character fit to wear that name or a name fit to wear that character. Honore Joseph is suey (chop?), generous, as they say on Clark Street.

He has many accomplishments—oh, very many, as shall be related—but none greater than his skill as a ready letter-writer. Honore Joseph can write a letter on any given topic, at any given time, that will charm a bird out of a tree. He can write a letter that will make the man who gets it hop up and down and send him a scorcher in return. It is a matter of the slightest importance to him whether the person to whom he writes is President of this great Republic, or a walking delegate. He writes his letters, and the persons he writes to do the rest. Attest: T. Roosevelt.

Honore Joseph lives in two rooms back of a vinegar factory. The two rooms are full of books, and scientific apparatus, and firewood, and chemicals, and pictures, and old clothes and various other things, and on the walls hang diplomas from the University of Toronto and parchments telling of honors won in Greek and Latin. Here he writes his letters. Here he wrote his letter to the President protesting against the President's designation of Moyer and Haywood, the Colorado labor men, as "undesirable citizens." Nobody knew much about Jaxon's protest until the President's reply came back like a thirteen-inch shell thrown at a dingey, and then all Chicago sat up, gave an imitation of deep thought and said: "Honore Joseph Jaxon? Where have we heard that name before?"

By degrees Chicago remembered him, and then Chicago said: "Well, for Heaven's sake, is *that* the man?" That was the man—none other than Honore Joseph Jaxon, labor leader, doctor, occultist, chemist, trapper, architect, hunter, lawyer, solicitor, non-resistant, philosophical anarchist, spirit-fruitist, colonizer, revolutionist, letter-writer and half-Indian.

Born a Buffalo Indian

JAXON'S father was a Metis Indian, and Jaxon was born in a buffalo camp so near to the forty-ninth parallel, in sight of Woods Mountain, and between Montana and the Northwest Territory, that Jaxon has never been able to figure out whether he was born a British subject or an American citizen. To make it certain that he has no British sympathies Jaxon, after his education was started, went back to his first haunts and began revolting with Louis Riel. Jaxon was made secretary of the conclave of Metis. He wrote petitions, letters and memorials. He deluged the Canadian Government with statements of the rights of the Metis, and got word that the petitions had been sent to the Privy Council in England.

That was in January, 1885. Jaxon had replies from Chapleau, Secretary of State for Canada, that the Metis would get some sort of recognition, but Louis Riel wouldn't wait, and the battle of Batoche was fought in May. Whereupon Reil was hanged in November, and Jaxon caught and ornamented, not to say decorated, with a neat but not gaudy ball and chain. He was sent to a military prison at Fort Garry, but escaped and got across the line into the United States.

Jaxon has now assurance from Laurier that he will not be molested if he returns to Canada, but he prefers to remain in Chicago—not that he distrusts Sir Wilfred, but that the ball and chain are distinctly out of fashion where he now lives.

The Metis are a mixed race. That is how they get their name. When Jaxon has no letters to write he spends hours figuring out his various strains of blood. Letting Metis blood represent fifty out of a possible hundred, he gets fractions of Welsh, Scotch, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Vermouth, Martini, Kümmel and Boonekamp. He looks like an Indian, talks like a graduate of Oxford and writes like a professor of rhetoric.

Jaxon got to Chicago early in 1886. He had been treated kindly by the Knights of Labor up in Wisconsin, and when he cast about for something to do he joined the carpenters' union and went to work. A few months later the carpenters struck. There was but eight hundred dollars in their treasury and six thousand men went out. In about five minutes after the strike was called Jaxon had taken his ready pen in hand and written a proclamation which was so fiery and untamed that he was made the leader of the strike. He put out proclamations by the dozen, but the strike weakened. Jaxon saw he would be beaten if something was not done, and he invented the gentle pastime of "slugging." His slugging was not the kind that was later typified by Sam Parks. Jaxon took a lot of striking carpenters out to some back lots and taught them the use of the slung-shot. He instructed the men to aim for the bodies of their foes, not their heads.

Labor Leader, Doctor, Occultist, Chemist, Trapper, Architect, Hunter, Lawyer, Solicitor, Non-Resistant, Philosophical Anarchist, Spirit-Fruitist, Colonizer, Revolutionist, Letter-Writer and Half-Indian

The outcome of this manœuvre was most astonishing. The strikers with their slung-shots would line up opposite the buildings where non-union men were at work, and at a signal from Jaxon let go. The men working were hit and hurt, but not seriously. They didn't know what hit them. Each man blamed his neighbor and, generally, after the third or fourth round by the slung-shotters, there was a fine fight among the strike-breakers. Then Jaxon's men would go over and throw the tools of the strike-breakers down into the walls of the buildings they were working on. Many a Chicago building has a lining of saws and planes.

Jaxon also divided his army of strikers into squads. Every non-union job was attacked at the same time. When the strike-breakers found out about the slung-shots the Jaxon army went in with bare fists. There were six weeks of this sort of thing. Jaxon's men had nothing to do but fight, while the non-union men had to fight and work, too, and the strike was soon won, for there were not enough police to quell every disturbance. "We won," says Jaxon, "by a show of determination. There was nothing personally malicious, but we fought when necessary, and fought fairly, with our hands. I am a non-resistant and prefer to suffer rather than exert force, but there are times when force is necessary to preserve peace. This was one of the times."

Winning this strike made Jaxon a labor leader of the first class. He went back to his books soon afterward and spoke for a Civic Federation and for various labor reforms. Meantime, there was not enough in labor leading to occupy his mind, and he took up the study of the Bahai revelation. He joined the spirit-fruit cult of Jacob Beilhart and advocated the philosophy of non-resistance—that is, he asserted that force is unnecessary and that the true way to live is to allow everything to happen without resisting anything. Beilhart has a community in Wisconsin where this is practiced. You can poke one of the spirit-fruit persons in the eye, take his watch, carry off his furniture or cut his hair, and he will calmly and patiently submit. There can be no force where there is no resistance, they say, and force is the basis of all evil.

Jaxon broke with the spirit-fruit brothers because he wanted to make plans for a nine-sided concrete building they are putting up. Beilhart would not allow plans. That was a show of force. The building must just happen, and the brethren must work at it when they felt like it. Jaxon allowed that a building that would happen without plans would be too foolish for him, and, while he is a non-resistant still, he will not let you poke him in both eyes. One eye will be plenty before he resists.

A Dive into Spirit-Fruiting

WHILE he was diving into the occult and spirit-fruiting, he also took a few twists at anarchy. He is not an anarchist of the deed—that is, he does not believe in bomb-throwing, although there is a tradition that he has invented a gentle instrument long sought for by anarchists—a bomb that will kill tyrants, but will not kill the tyrant-killers who throw it. Eager Czar-exterminators from all parts of the world have pleaded with Jaxon for this secret, but he has refused to make it known. Instead, he gives the pleaders a drink of grape-juice which he preserves in its natural sweetness by a process of his own.

He originated the Congress of Anarchists for the World's Fair at Chicago. There was much uproar about this. They told Jaxon it must not be held. Jaxon, being a non-resistant, was submissive about it, but he hired a building and held the Congress there, with all the lights of anarchy in attendance. But Jaxon has always remained a philosophical anarchist. He does not believe in killing.

The achievement on which he prides himself most was the organization of the Solicitors' and Canvassers' Union. He wanted to be a delegate to the Central Federation of Labor and he needed a union to send him. When you think that anybody who offers anything for sale, from shoestrings to stocks and bonds, is eligible to join that union, the acuteness of Jaxon's intellect is proved. He will never lack supporters.

Thus, when he took his pen in hand and wrote to the President: "Hoping these few lines will find you well, but how about this——" and got a reply hot off the bat, he was not surprised. It was the most distinguished rebuke of the year, and Honore Joseph Jaxon knew he would get a bite when he put his letter on the hook.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Mayor Busse, of Chicago, weighs 225 pounds and admits it.

¶ John Eastman, owner of the Chicago Journal, gets his recreation by racing automobiles.

¶ James Dahlman, Mayor of Omaha, used to be a cowboy, and can throw a lariat yet with the best of them.

¶ Ralph Stout, managing editor of the Kansas City Star, has a dark secret in his past. He once ran a ball club in Omaha.

¶ William Allen White, the author, has one fad the Grand Cañon of Arizona. He goes there every time he gets a chance.

¶ Caleb M. Van Hamm, managing editor of the New York World, was a lawyer in Cincinnati before he became one of the biggest newspaper men in New York.

¶ Richard Olney, Secretary of State under President Cleveland, has now reached the dignity of being referred to as "the Grand Old Man of Massachusetts."

¶ Charles P. Taft, brother of Secretary Taft, and principal promoter of the Taft boom, owns a daily newspaper in Cincinnati, and is a great baseball enthusiast.

¶ Franklin K. Lane, of California, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is partial to apple pie and eats several wedges of it for luncheon each day.

¶ Captain Benson Foraker, son of Senator Foraker, of Ohio, is a street-car magnate, and says he doesn't care for politics. He has nice red cheeks and blue eyes.

¶ Charles G. Dawes, former Comptroller of the Currency, who went out of politics to run a bank in Chicago, counts that week lost when he does not buy a gas-plant.

¶ David Belasco, the playwright, rehearses his curtain-call speeches as rigorously as he rehearses his actors, in order that the speeches may have the right impromptu effect.

The Coming Parliament of Man

As Seen from the Northern Capitals of Europe

By WILLIAM T. STEAD

I HAVE now completed my tour round Europe. And the net impression which my six weeks' colloquying with sovereigns and statesmen, with diplomatists and journalists, with socialists and men and women of all degrees, is that most of the troubles which afflict the nations are figments of the imagination. The effects of these disorders of the imagination are, unfortunately, only too real. A man maddened by a nightmare may throw himself out of the window and break his neck. But that does not make the nightmare a reality.

Neither do the existing armaments of Europe prove that there is any need for such armaments. In so far as they are not a survival from a period in which there were real reasons for them, in the shape of incompatible ambitions and rival national aspirations, they have no justification for their existence. There are, no doubt, plenty of national antipathies and racial differences. But the odd thing is that where these are bitterest and perhaps most dangerous, they do not express themselves in the shape of armaments. Existing armies and navies are not maintained to keep the heel of the Russian on the neck of the Pole. The hegemony of the Magyar over the other races in Hungary is neither maintained on the one hand nor threatened on the other by soldiers.

And, Behind This, Woman Suffrage was Looming in the Distance

Europe has entered upon a period of internal change, which progresses all the more rapidly because it is in a condition of international equilibrium. The great nationality movement of last century, which revived Italy, unified Germany and created Bulgaria, now operates in the political, not in the military, arena. There are plenty of unsettled questions which have scant regard for the peace of nations within their own frontiers, but neither the Irish nor the Poles nor the Czechs are dreaming of any solution other than by the ballot-box. The problems that absorb the attention of the peoples and of their rulers are no longer dynastic or military; they are primarily social.

The condition-of-the-people question is everywhere coming to the front. And the great enemy of bloated armaments is old-age pensions. When I left London I was told we must reduce our armaments, otherwise we cannot find the money for old-age pensions. I have just left Christiania, where a demand for old-age pensions has almost precipitated a ministerial crisis. And so it has been all round Europe. The toiler is asking for his share. And, as he cannot get it when the resources of the state are consumed by the military and naval budgets, he is growing restive, and is asking why—why—why something cannot be done to divert some of these innumerable millions from the barracks and the dockyards to add a little comfort to the homes of the poor.

It will be very difficult to explain why armaments should be twenty-five per cent. more costly in 1907 than they were in 1899, although, by universal consent, the relations of the nations to one another are at least twenty-five per cent. more friendly than they were eight years ago. What is the use of *ententes cordiales* and the removal of all outstanding differences if all the while armaments keep on increasing? Why should the premium of insurance go up when the fire-risk admittedly goes down?

All Scandinavia, at this writing, is wrapped in snow. The mercury in the thermometer is down below freezing-point, and we ride to the music of the merry sleigh-bells, wrapped up in heavy furs. But when the snow melts, and the time of the singing of birds has come, men lay aside their fur coats. The Governments, however, act upon exactly the opposite principle. The warmer the sun of international good-will, the heavier grow the overcoats of military and naval preparations. The absurdity cannot go on forever. It is time that the common-sense of mankind cried Halt! And the assembly of the first Parliament of Man affords an opportunity that ought not to be lost.

It is admitted that in the New World there is not even a shadow of threatened international strife. From the North Pole to Cape Horn the two continents are wrapped in universal peace, and guaranteed by the Monroe Doctrine against being involved in the broils of the older world. In Asia, the *status quo* is guaranteed by the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and the last surviving differences between England and Russia are being amicably solved by friendly diplomats. China has ceased to be regarded as an international Tom Tiddler's ground, in which any European aggressor may pick up whatever he chose. The era of European expansion in Asia appears to have come to a close. The era of Asiatic aggression, to which some look forward, has not yet begun, because no onlooker can regard that as an act of aggression on America which the President of the American Republic declares to be a legitimate demand for the observance of treaty rights. In Africa the settlement of the Moroccan question damped down the only fire that threatened the peace of the world.

The frontiers of the various spheres of influence claimed by the European Powers have been satisfactorily delimited. Each of them is now free to cultivate its own garden without interference from its neighbor. The open sore of the Congo State, no doubt, cries aloud for treatment, but no one alleges that the Congo question is responsible for the raising of a single regiment or the building of a single gunboat. In South Africa, Liberal England has made public confession of shame and regret for the infamous war waged by its predecessor, by restoring the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to their inhabitants.

America, Asia and Africa being thus in a state of almost unprecedented tranquillity, what is there to be said of Europe? Here, if anywhere, must be sought the *causa causans* of these monstrous armaments which block the road to old-age pensions and divert the energy and the resources of the nations to the maintenance of a vast mechanism of murder. But it is precisely here in Europe that there has been the most remarkable change for the better.

When I contrast the Europe of to-day with the Europe which I traversed in 1898, I am amazed at the difference, at the enormous progress that has been made in the elimination of causes of international dispute. When I started from London to visit the Czar at Livadia, in 1898, the one topic of conversation in Paris was whether France and England were to fly at each other's throats because Lieutenant Marchand had occupied Fashoda. Now England and France are united in a friendship so close and so cordial that, if these two Powers were alone in the world, disarmament might be brought about to-morrow by mutual consent.

The relations between England and Germany, and still more between the English and the German people, were inflamed by the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, and in the near future lay the Boer War, which, but for the Kaiser's authority, might easily have involved the two countries in hostilities. Beyond the German frontier towered the menacing figure of the Russian Colossus. Port Arthur had just been occupied, and the process of establishing Russia as the paramount Power on the Pacific was in full swing. In the near East the Sultan had just massacred his Armenian subjects into submission, and had clasped to his bosom the pilgrim Kaiser, who had passed through Constantinople on his way to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land. The trouble between Norway and Sweden was fermenting, and no one knew whether the dissolution of the Union could be effected without war.

To-day I search in vain for the traces of any of these elements of disturbance. Norway and Sweden have achieved that most difficult of all operations—a political divorce—without appeal to the arbitrament of Mars. The trouble in Finland has been satisfactorily settled. The Russian Colossus no longer casts a dark shadow over the East of Europe. The dream of founding a great naval power on the Pacific foundered with the Russian ships at Tsushima. All the old differences between France and England have been settled. The ill-feeling in Germany against England caused by the Boer War has largely died down. Between the Governments of Germany and England there is not a single outstanding point of dispute. Yet there is not a great Power in Europe that is not spending more money in armaments to-day than it was when, in 1898, the Czar declared the burden so intolerable as to threaten civilization itself with destruction!

Surely this is not reasonable. It is, indeed, the very height of unreason. Europe seems to be suffering from a kind of hideous inversion of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy proclaims there is no such thing as evil, and that all that appears to be wrong is only a fraudulent semblance due to wrong thinking. Europe appears to believe that everything that seems to be peaceful is merely a fraudulent semblance due to the delusion of the mortal mind. And by the process of constantly affirming the falsity of the phenomena which apparently justify confidence in peace, Europe does much to make evil a reality. It does not make war, but it compels millions to spend the best years of their lives in thinking of war as a constant and menacing possibility. And, although it keeps the peace, it robs peace of half its benefits by spending more on arsenals and fortresses and fleets than sufficed a hundred years ago to wage a bloody war.

There have been moments during my visits to the European capitals when I felt as if I were in a kind of enchanted Pandemonium, peopled by monsters as dread and as unreal as any of the bogies of the nursery. It is a veritable mythology that dominates the Governments and the peoples of Europe to-day. The most preposterous absurdities are gravely propounded as if they were gospel truth; and on the strength of these millions are wasted. With Wordsworth, I felt "I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than share the faith of these Christians and Free-thinkers. The three-headed Cerberus is certainly more credible to me than some of these fantastic creations of the disordered imagination of the modern European.

Talk of Gorgons and Chimeras dire, and all the rabble rout of demon and afrit and sprite of mediæval romance, they are prosaic, respectable, commonplace realities compared with the marvelous ogres with which contemporary fantasy peoples the workaday world.

Take, for instance, my own country, which I think I may fairly claim to have studied without any excessive blindness to its faults. I know my people. I am personally acquainted with King Edward. I am an old friend of most of our Ministers, and I have been thirty years in journalism. I have written as hard things in condemnation of British policy in the past as any living man. But I utterly fail to recognize even the remotest resemblance between Britain of 1907 and the gigantic devil which bears that label in the mythological phantasmagoria that finds credence among many influential people on the Continent, especially in Germany and Russia.

Beyond the German Frontier Towered the Menacing Figure of the Russian Colossus

I have great respect for my Sovereign, who is a good-hearted, kind-hearted man, with much shrewd good sense, admirable tact, and an honest desire to keep the peace of the world. He is certainly not a Machiavelli, neither is he a Cardinal Richelieu. But at Berlin he was spoken of as if he were a kind of demon of preternatural skill and a most diabolical cunning, who spent all his time in casting spells for the confusion of other nations, and who possessed a most unholy gift for extending all over the world the chains of imperial Britain. Our present Government is presided over by a statesman whose passion for peace is equal to that of John Bright, and his Cabinet is supported by a Parliament which would rend the welkin with tumultuous applause if he could announce that, as a result of The Hague Conference, a reduction of ten millions a year could be made in the army and the navy.

But there are many men, apparently sane, who think that this Cabinet, Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet, is consumed by a fierce desire to isolate Germany—that it is massing its fleet for the purpose of being able at one fell swoop to annihilate the German navy, and that any morning the world may learn that a piratical swoop has been made upon Kiel and that Admiral Fisher has outdone the exploit of Nelson at Copenhagen.

It is all midsummer or springtime madness. But it is these fantasies of Bedlam, and these alone, which bar the way to a sensible adaptation of European armaments to the needs of the international situation.

If the idea of "Onkel Eduard" as a baleful genius is grotesque, hardly more ridiculous is the companion picture of his nephew William as the hungry war-wolf of the world. The Kaiser is constantly described by some Englishmen as if he were a kind of irresponsible madman, whose sole preoccupation was planning campaigns for the invasion of France and the conquest of England. Whenever he makes a speech —and he makes many speeches—they shudder as if they heard the bay of the famished wolf-pack in a haunted wood. He is supposed to covet the colonies of England, and to cast a covetous eye upon the over-sea possessions of France. At one moment, we are told, he is going to dismember his ally, Austria, in order to bring his Empire down to the Adriatic. The next, we are warned that he will never be content until he has seized Holland and Belgium and added all the Dutch colonies to the assets of the Fatherland. One day he is to seize the Baltic Provinces and Poland. The next, he is about to establish a vast German Empire on the Tigris and the Euphrates.

No scheme however grandiose, no enterprise however atrocious, no campaign however hopeless, but he is supposed to cherish it as the darling child of his fevered brain. And yet this irresponsible madman has ruled Germany for eighteen years and ruled it in peace. He has made no conquests, he has made no wars, and, according to the universal testimony of all who know him, is so devotedly, almost fanatically, peaceful as to incur the reproaches of many of his subjects, who sigh for the good, old times of Bismarck.

Everything was Flung into the Crucible to be Tested

If the afrit Edward and the war-wolf Wilhelm are chimeras of a delirious brain, what are we to say of the imaginative genius that represents the French Republic as a possible disturber of the peace of Europe? France, thirty-six years ago, swore she would never rest till she had won back her lost provinces. For many years she dreamed of *revanche*. But people tire, even of dreams. To-day there is not a Frenchman who even dreams of challenging the military supremacy of Germany. The rapid growth of population in Germany has added nearly forty per cent. to the fighting strength of the Fatherland. France no longer aspires to the military headship of Europe. Single-handed against Germany she knows that she has no chance. In self-defense she would fight, but to attack Germany single-handed—she would as soon think of sending an expedition to the moon. As for the lost provinces, they are lost indeed, lost beyond all possibility of recovery. Even if the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were to be given free opportunity to vote for the restoration of these provinces to the Republic, they would use that vote in favor of the *status quo*.

When we turn to Russia the old spectre has disappeared. The Russian fleet is at the bottom of the sea. It will be ten years before Russia can hope to create a navy. For it is not merely ships that must be built—that can be done in less time. The whole personnel must be created, and imbued with a very different spirit from that of the men who mutinied at Sebastopol and at Cronstadt. The army also needs years before it can be regarded as an effective force for aggressive war.

The Emperor is a man whose passion for peace is notorious. That he was forced into war by Japan was due solely to his absolute belief that it lay with him to decide upon peace or war, and he had resolutely decided not to make war. For years to come the financial necessities of the Empire dictate a policy of peace. Whatever the Douma may do, it will not make war. Russia, therefore, which has been the trump card in the hand of the European alarmists, is practically non-existent as a possible disturber of the world's peace.

In Italy the embers of the Irredentist movement in the extreme northeast still smoulder, but the Austrian and German Governments recognize frankly that the Italian Government discourages to the uttermost any attempt to revive the agitation. In the Balkans, the situation is dangerous. But the danger does not arise from the rival ambitions of the Great Powers so much as from their extreme reluctance to exercise the pressure necessary to compel the Sultan to provide adequate guarantees for the life and property of his Macedonian subjects.

"Bastinado His Shadow on the Sand."

The extraordinary, the perverse, delight which men display in inventing bugaboos with which to make their flesh creep is shown in small states as well as in great. When I visited Copenhagen some months ago, I was told, and that by at least one responsible statesman, that Denmark was in danger of being attacked by Sweden! Five thousand Danish women had been on a deputation to the Ministry, imploring them to put the defenses of the Fatherland in a state of efficiency. I was assured that the Swedes bitterly resented the imaginary complicity of the Danes in the Norwegian struggle for independence, and were now arming heavily by sea and land with the express purpose of chastising Denmark. I confess that I could hardly keep my countenance. But I promised that when I went to Stockholm I would do my best to ascertain the facts.

At Stockholm I found every one absolutely incredulous that any such idea could have entered the head of any one outside of a lunatic asylum. I saw everybody who was anybody, and they all told me the same thing. The Swedes were sore and irritated, not so much with the Danish Government, but with the Danish newspapers, which had taken sides very violently with the Norwegians. This irritation, and the natural revival of the Swedish national spirit consequent upon the loss of Norway, had led the Swedes to develop direct relations with their foreign customers instead of allowing their trade to pass, as of old, through the Danes. But beyond this they never dreamed of going. The notion that they were arming was scouted as preposterous. They had not increased their naval and military estimates since the disruption.

Sweden had revolutionized its military system in 1901 by substituting universal military service for its old professional army. But this change, promised by Baron Bildt at The Hague Conference, had been begun four years before the Norwegian crisis, and had not been extended or enlarged as a consequence of the new situation. I saw the Crown Prince Regent, the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the leaders of the Parliament, the Foreign Ministers and private citizens, and they one and all assured me that there was absolutely not even a shadow of a foundation for the alarm which I found entertained in some influential circles in Copenhagen. I hope that my report on my return may make certain worthy men and women sleep at ease.

When I was at Christiania I found the Norwegians anxious to protect themselves against another imaginary bogy. Of old time the Norwegians were very friendly with the Russians, and were more than suspected by the Swedes of a desire to purchase Russian support by ceding to Russia a Norwegian ice-free port in the far North. Now that Norway has set up in business on her own account, she desires to be guaranteed against Russian designs in that quarter. Negotiations were going on to secure for Norway a Quadruple Treaty to be signed by England, France, Germany and Russia, by which these Powers would undertake to recognize and respect the independence and the integrity of Norway. It is an illusory safeguard against an imaginary danger. A man once complained to the Caliph that a man had dreamed that he had been too friendly with the plaintiff's wife. "Justice must be done," said the Caliph. "Set the culprit in the sun, and bastinado his shadow on the sand." Would that all dream-offenses could be so effectively met by shadowy punishments.

Is it any wonder, then, that I felt as if I were wandering in a haunted land peopled with the menacing spectres of a dead and as yet unburied past? When will the cock crow, and these phantoms disappear? The clock of Time seems slow to impatient mortals who cry, with Cecil Rhodes: "So much to do, so little done." But to those who "do the comparative," the progress that is being made in our time is almost feverish in its rapidity.

Mr. Carnegie, more than twenty years ago, marveled that in the Old World everything was "in the crucible." In the New World institutions were regarded as stable, as sacred. In the Old World nothing was safe from the revolutionary sapper. Laws, institutions, constitutions, dynasties, religions—everything was flung into the crucible to be tested and smelted, and in case of need discarded as dross. The process which the Philosopher of Pittsburg noted in the eighties is still going on apace.

I recently returned from a visit to the newest of kingdoms, which has been established by the sturdiest of republicans. Before I went to see King Haakon at Christiania I called upon the Crown Prince Regent at Stockholm. There I found the ancient, aristocratic constitution of Sweden in the crucible. The day before my arrival the Lindeman Ministry had introduced a bill establishing universal suffrage as the basis for the election of both Houses. The number of electors for the Lower House was raised at one stroke from four hundred and twenty-five thousand to twelve hundred thousand, and, behind this, woman suffrage was looming in the distance. The voting is to be by proportional representation, on the system adopted in Belgium and in Finland. To an outsider most complicated, it is said in practice to be very simple.

It must be admitted that a year in which France, the eldest son of the Church, has disestablished and disendowed the bishops and the priests of the Roman faith; in which the Hapsburg has forced the Austrian Parliament to adopt universal suffrage; in which the same franchise had been adopted by aristocratic Sweden; in which England has begun a campaign against the House of Lords, and in which Finland has made its women not only electors, but elected, is a year in which the Old World, judged by the standard of previous centuries, has made almost headlong progress toward the political ideals of the New World. The Americanization of the world goes on apace.

These phantoms, which at present obscure the mind of Europe, will pass, and with them the armaments of which they are now the only visible justification. The conception of the various nations as associations of pirates, each bent upon plundering its neighbor, is dying hard; but it is dying out. It is not that the various races have been converted, by the preaching of a new gospel, to a living faith in human brotherhood. Rather is it the growth of a practical conviction that the utmost gain they can make by war is a minus quantity compared with the advantages to be reaped by coöperative partnership in peaceful production.

New ties of service, if not of love, are overspreading the world. The post, the telegraph, the telephone, the steamship and the railway have woven innumerable subtle filaments of internationalism over the surface of the world. Political changes leave these potent agencies untouched.

Norway has severed her political connection with Sweden, but that is a small matter compared with the fact that the telephone service between Stockholm and Christiania is uninterrupted.

The things which people care about nowadays are neither the triumph of rival churches, the glory of competing dynasties, nor even (although that superstition dies hardest) the extent of the world's map which the artist of the atlas must paint with the national colors. They want a living wage, a decent home, a good school for their children and an old-age pension when they are past work.

The Appearance of the Woman Legislator Marks the Disappearance of the Military Dictator

And they are beginning to see that they can only hope to get these things if they substitute the ideal of social ambition and home comfort for that of military glory and imperial grandeur as the object to be pursued. The process is necessarily slow, but it is constant.

The defeat of the Social Democrats at the German elections is but an eddy in the onward movement of the current of human life a set-back which is not without its uses, even to the cause of Socialism itself. In the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the masses are daily becoming more

accustomed to see "their cot's transmuted plunder." There is not enough money to serve the needs both of the barrack and of the home. Hitherto the barrack has been first served, and the home has perforce had to be content with the leavings. In the future it is the home which will come first.

Whatever woman is in ideal or in fact, she most assuredly does not stand for the barracks against the home. She is for the home, first, last and all the time. However much she may be dazzled by the uniform or fascinated by the heroism of the soldier, woman is a permanent force on the side of the domesticities of life. When the first and only duty of the state was that of repelling hostile attack from without, or of levying war upon neighboring or distant tribes, it was natural that the sole direction of the Government should be in the hands of those who raised, equipped and commanded armies. But the state has gradually been transformed. It is no longer a purely military organization. The superstructure is social. The work of government becomes every day more parental, more social, more domestic. As the soldier recedes, the woman advances. As the importance of the general wanes, that of the house-mother waxes. Hence the rise of the movement for the complete emancipation of woman is the register of the decay of the military conception of the state.

The Woman in Parliament

It is not without significance that the final overthrow of the last belated and ineffectual attempt of Russian militarism to suppress the liberties of Finland should have been celebrated by the adoption of a new constitution, under which women are not only entitled equally with men to a place on the register, but have the same right to sit in Parliament if they should be elected by the constituencies.

The appearance of the woman legislator marks the disappearance of the military dictator. Everywhere in Europe the women are stirring. In Sweden, within the last few weeks, no fewer than one hundred and forty-two thousand women have signed a petition for the rights of citizenship on an equality with men. Under the old register there were only four hundred and twenty-five thousand male voters in all Sweden. In Norway the women are keen to avoid the disgrace of being outdistanced by their sisters in Sweden. In Denmark the communal franchise has quite recently been extended to women, and the political franchise cannot be long delayed. Equal rights for men and women is the watchword of the Russian Liberals of every shade.

The appeal of woman for recognition as a human being, with claims to justice, liberty and equality, is a touchstone of our humanity, Christianity and civilization. The ready response with which the appeal is meeting is very suggestive testimony to the reality of the faith of the modern world in the Christian ideal.

Just before I left England I had to mourn the loss of a dearly-loved friend, a veritable mother in modern Israel, Mrs. Josephine Butler. She had inspired in many minds a sacred passion of enthusiasm for justice that had as its immediate outlet a holy war against that most odious of all forms of human slavery, state-regulated vice. In England she succeeded in destroying the system which is the supreme negation of the liberty and the sanctity of woman. But, although her protest led to a general movement on the Continent against the evil system, it was baffled by the barrack, which has ever regarded the brothel as its indispensable annex. The woman's vote will change all that. It is the great reserve force which is yet to enter the field in support of the cause of morality and of peace.

A Universal Key-Language

The growth of internationalism, which is so marked a feature of our time, has brought with it an increasing recognition of the necessity for an international key-language, which can be used by all nations as a *lingua franca* of the world. That language has been discovered, and every month witnesses its extension. The spread of Esperanto is, like the name of the new language, full of hope. The language invented by Doctor Zamenhof holds the field. All its competitors have disappeared. But in every capital that I have visited I have found Esperantists, full of ardor and of enthusiasm. This year a great conference of Esperantists will be held at Cambridge, England. Within the Arctic Circle there are Esperantist circles, who find the new key-language enables them to correspond with all nations that on earth do dwell. When I left Christiania a deputation of Norwegian Esperantists waited till nearly midnight to bid me *au revoir*. In nearly every capital there is an Esperantist club, an Esperantist newspaper. The spread of Esperanto may soon become universal. At present its utility is only recognized by the few. But the day on which any one state makes its acquisition compulsory in the public schools will give the signal for its general adoption throughout the world.

The Work of Reform

Of evidence of any outward and visible revival of religious faith, in the conventional sense, I have found but little. The churches are not more crowded, the great causes show no disposition to rely upon religious support. Mankind seems bent upon realizing the Christian ideals through other than Christian agencies. Half the work of the modern state, more than half the ideals of the Socialist and the reformer everywhere, are efforts to give practical embodiment to the precepts of the Gospel.

But the most active workers seem to regard the churches either with apathy or active hostility. Peace and international brotherhood are preëminently Christian ideals; but on the Continent, at least, the Catholic and Protestant churches are the last places where one would expect to find active support for a peace crusade.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Stead upon the conditions for universal peace as he found them on a tour of the capitals of Europe.

A Bank Balance

I WAS a bookkeeper in a New York bank, making a salary of eighty dollars a month. The bank had a large amount of deposits, but for some reason did not appear to be as prosperous as a number of other banks which did a smaller volume of business.

Promotion, therefore, was slow and I saw little opportunity ahead of me.

Our bank was situated in the wholesale district and our depositors were mainly jobbers and wholesale merchants. What was regarded as one of our most profitable accounts was that of a large wholesale dry-goods firm, which kept a balance of thirty thousand dollars.

This firm would deposit with us on an average about twenty thousand dollars a day in checks and drafts, and would then check out about twenty thousand dollars a day.

The balance of about thirty thousand dollars fluctuated very little from day to day, the deposits and drawn checks usually about offsetting each other. As we had the use of the thirty thousand dollars balance and also charged for making out-of-town collections, the account was looked upon as a most profitable one.

This firm was one of the depositors whose accounts I kept. I noticed that practically all of the checks were drawn on out-of-town banks, many of the banks being in cities as far away as Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and New Orleans. This aroused my curiosity and I watched the account closely. I found that it took more than a week to collect some of the checks, and I then did some figuring with the result that I found it took an average of three days to collect the checks and drafts deposited by this firm.

In other words, when this firm would deposit twenty thousand dollars in checks and drafts with us we would at once credit their account with that amount, and they would then check out practically the entire amount deposited that day. They got the use of the twenty thousand dollars as soon as the checks were deposited, whereas it would be three days before we could collect the checks and have the use of the money they represented.

Meantime there had been two days' more deposits which had been checked against. This made a total of sixty thousand dollars which the firm had checked out during the three days. This whole sixty thousand dollars was in course of collection and, on our side, we did not have the use of a single dollar of it.

Instead of this firm having with us a balance of thirty thousand dollars they in reality had no balance at all, while we were loaning them constantly thirty thousand dollars without interest.

It took me nearly a month to discover the actual status of this account. The large number of checks drawn on so many different points made the account a peculiarly difficult one to analyze.

When I was sure of my facts I wrote out a statement, and immediately handed it to the president.

The next day I was called into the president's office. He stated that he had made arrangements to turn my books over to another employee, and he wanted me to start in at once and employ my entire time in analyzing the different accounts of the bank, and prepare a separate statement for each, showing just how profitable or unprofitable was each separate account. When I received my envelope that month I found my salary had been increased to one hundred dollars a month.

My analyses of the different accounts resulted in a number of changes which largely increased the earning power of the bank. The wholesale dry-goods firm, on whose account I first worked, readily consented to increase their balance to seventy thousand dollars when the status of their account was explained to them. —*H. C. N.*

A Go-Between on Sales

IN THE contracting and engineering office where I am employed we take, besides several technical and trade journals, two local daily newspapers and two outside daily newspapers, one from C——, a city to the north of us, and one from J——, a city to the south of us. I always manage to make time, either in the morning, or after I have finished work for the day, to scan these papers and carefully read the miscellaneous want and for sale advertisements.

In this manner I note which of them interests me, and index and classify them according to a simple system I have devised for that purpose. When I notice one class of article wanted or for sale I refer to my lists to see if I have such an article listed. If so I immediately get into communication with both parties, asking each for full particulars and description of what is wanted and what is for sale.

These descriptions I copy and send to the possible buyer or seller as the case may be, with price of same, and, if satisfactory, the article is shipped.

This is rather risky business all around, but, as I go very cautiously I have not been stuck yet. And because of over-caution I believe I have missed some good sales. I do not keep anything in stock at all, nor do I pose to my clients as a broker, but simply state that I have such and such a thing for sale at such and such a place.

Some while ago I read in the paper from J—— that a person midway between here and there wanted a boiler and engine of specified horse-power. A day afterward, in looking over the local miscellaneous for sales, I noticed that a person near here had a boiler and engine of practically the same power as the one wanted. I lost no time in getting a full description and price from the one person, and a full statement of what the other party wanted, telling the latter that I had a boiler and engine which I could sell.

Both replied to my requests. The boiler for sale was of a different style from what was wanted, but the engine was all right. After some correspondence regarding this difference and prices, I sold the machinery to the first party at an advance of twenty dollars, or a net gain of about twelve and one-half per cent.

The total time consumed in the transaction was six days.

I am now carrying on correspondence with some persons regarding two deals of like character, but different articles, on which I expect to clear at least one hundred dollars.

The technical and trade journals come in only when a person in this territory wants something that cannot be obtained around here because there is little demand for it. When this is the case there is more profit in it because of the lack of competition.

As none of the cities mentioned has a population of over sixty thousand, and, therefore, not much demand for such materials as I can get, the profits will not average over one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, but, as I do not lose any time, the profits are net to me and are a great help. —*C. A. P.*

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Write for "Smartness," and where to see the clothes.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

(Concluded from Page 7)

Further than this—oh, much further than this—the cordial, generous, open-hearted spirit of the Vice-President refuses to allow him, in this contingency, to shed all his lustre on Indiana alone. Devoted as he is to the Hoosier State, he cannot refrain from letting the world know he was born in Ohio and he owns a large farm in Illinois. Thus, he scatters himself in a tri-State manner, radiating over the three Commonwealths, and while he is a pillar in the Methodist Church, his broad, catholic mind sees much good in all sects and liberally acknowledges the uplifting work being done in the world by every church and every creed.

Another feature of the Vice-President's character which has been criticised by the misinformed is that conservatism which has been held, at times, to indicate a lack of original ideas. The judgment of Indianapolis on this point—and that judgment must be final—is that conservatism is not the proper term. Caution is the word. The Vice-President is a cautious man. He is no rollicking, impulsive blade to charge down the lanes of argument to a peroration that may be an ambush or a deadfall. When he makes a public announcement it is made with due reflection and along the lines of the best precedent. He does not believe in doing a thing and thinking afterward. Instead he thinks first, and then does not do it. Could statesmanship rise higher?

Take the matter of public speaking. There are orators who, defying what has been said by others, defying the examples of history and the best thought of the illustrious dead, proclaim boldly that they have new remedies for such diseases as may afflict the body politic. They advocate incendiary principles. They seek new paths. They claim to be pioneers. Not so with the Vice-President. He brings to every subject he discusses the mature reflection of a prudent mind. It is not what is to be with him, but what has been. Casting aside the frivolities of the moment, he sticks to those tried and true principles concerning which it is impossible to make a mistake. Nor does he venture to predict. An opinion with him is a sacred thing, to be kept for personal consumption and not bruited about the world, for he fully realizes there are those among the voters who might possibly hold opposite views, and such is the gentleness of his character that he would not, for any possible reward, offend these persons whose error may be of the head and not of the heart, nor would he deprive them of the privilege of being for him by any mere pride of Fairbanks conviction.

There are hair-trigger persons who explode at the slightest pressure, but the Vice-President never fires until he is ready, Gridley, and always with a time-fuse. Then his pronouncement is not a scattering of pyrotechnics, but a solid, substantial consensus of all that has been said before on the subject under discussion. In this way he never leaves himself open to attack, for, after a speech by the Vice-President, there is nothing to attack. Even in iconoclastic America we have respect for the opinions of those who have gone before. The man who, in a wild flight of oratory, asserts that two and two make five may gain some temporary notoriety, but the man is on safer ground who says, as the Vice-President would say:

"And standing here in this distinguished presence, beneath that starry flag we all revere, with full knowledge of the responsibilities of my task, and guided by my conscience in my utterance, I say to you, fellow-citizens, that it is my imperishable belief—and I challenge contradiction—that when two units are united to two other units by the process of addition, which, I am informed, descended to us from those estimable persons, the Arabians—and if there are any Arabians among you I will say that I have always cherished the warmest regard for your people—or those other fully as estimable people, the Romans—and I trust my auditors will bear with me while I digress for a moment to announce that I, also, have the greatest admiration for the Romans—and, just here, I would call your attention to the fact that the magnificent prosperity we are now experiencing is due entirely to the protective policy of the Republican party, where I have labored humbly in the ranks for so many years, and I say to you that it is due our Republic that a man should be your standard-bearer who combines in his personality the attributes that will enable him to maintain those policies that will bring us added wealth and glory, not forgetting the labors, the monumental labors, I may say, of the brave boys in blue, nor of those other equally brave men who fought in our war with Spain; but returning to what I have previously said, taking again the subject of the combination of two units and two units, where is the man who will dare deny my unequivocal statement that at present, according to our standards and to our custom, at this moment, without making any predictions as to what may happen in the future, and basing my words on the past, where is he who will deny that the sum of this contemplated addition is four?"

Whereupon there are loud cries. Banzai! Banzai! Beat it? You cannot beat it. You cannot tie it. And they call it ingrained conservatism? Bah! It is the utterance of one who never jumps into the water till he has tried it with a thermometer.

Living the Simple Life

It is freely acknowledged that the viewpoint one gets of statesmen in Washington is distorted. The atmosphere, you know, and all that. In Washington, for example, the statesmen go to the Fairbanks house and observe the gold chairs and the butler and the great crushes at the receptions, to say nothing of the steady procession of diners and lunchers and teaers, and immediately put the Vice-President in the plutocrat class. He is branded as a plute, and the external evidences are all there. How different in Indianapolis! Out there they know the man as he is. He lives in no palace in his home town. Instead, he occupies modestly a neat, commodious but not ornate frame house on one of the best residence streets, to be sure, but with nothing opulent about it. The official position demands a proper recognition in Washington, and it gets it. But in Indianapolis, among the people, the people who have votes, the true Fairbanks is displayed. It is fair to assume that all the glitter of Washington irks this sturdy, if somewhat elongated, son of the soil. Was not that apparent when he announced a while ago that he intended to go to his Illinois farm and plow? No plutocrat would plow. Not a plutocrat on earth would turn a furrow across a ten-acre lot.

In Indianapolis, modest and unassuming, he does not dash to the office behind a spanking team of bays—spanking is the proper way to say it, according to the Fairbanks standard; so many other people have used the term, you know—but walks down every morning, greeting his neighbors as he goes.

"Good-morning, Henry; how is the world using you these days? I trust Mrs. Henry is well? Drop in and see us when you get a chance."

"Ah, Jerry, is that you? I haven't seen you for a long time. Still hale and hearty, I observe. Why don't you come and see us? I'm back for the summer now, from my duties in Washington, and want to see all my old friends."

"Well, well, Thomas! You cannot imagine how pleased I am. I was thinking of you yesterday, and wondering where you kept yourself."

He doesn't stay long at the office, but walks back again, distributing handshakes with a prodigality that amazes and delights. There isn't a frown. There isn't a stern, set look. There isn't anything but that unaffected, spontaneous gladness of greeting that makes you wish you had had a front seat when he was practicing it in his study.

Then come the luncheons and the dinners, and James Alexander Hemenway dashes in to recite some good news about Posey County, and Jim Goodrich sends a telegram or two from Arkansas or Alabama, telling how the South would be aflame for Fairbanks if the wood wasn't wet, and Harry New strolls by and bows ceremoniously—very ceremoniously—and Russell King sends out bales of speeches, and the cigar-stores sell boxes of the Fairbanks cigar, panatela shape, long and thin, and everything is progressing finely.

And the neighbors? Why, the neighbors are all for him

"Is Indiana for Fairbanks?"

"You bet! Have you noticed how many tall buildings are going up near the new post-office?"

"Good and strong, eh?"

"Sure! Say, have you met Hugh MacGowan yet, the man who owns the diving horses and is the boss of the interurban trolley system?"

YOUR SAVINGS

What to Do with a Thousand Dollars

RUSSELL SAGE used to say that the most difficult problem in making money was to get the first thousand dollars. After this amount had been saved and properly invested, he declared that the cornerstone of riches had been laid.

Thus, the matter of what to do with the first thousand dollars, since it is so fraught with high hopes and glittering possibilities, is a very serious and important one.

The first step is to get the thousand dollars. Twenty-five years ago this sum of money looked much larger to the average man than it does to-day. It was a small fortune to many. With the growth of the country's prosperity there has been a wonderful increase in the earning efficiency of money and in opportunity. Technical education, for example, which prepares both men and women for larger and more profitable service, has come within the reach of the great mass of the people. Thus the ability of the people to earn more money has become greater, and with it has come the desire to save. The savings-banks stand to-day as the first safeguards of the people's savings and their future. The best way to amass any sum of money is to begin to save just as soon as you begin to earn money.

It has already been pointed out in this department how to invest safely five hundred dollars. If you have followed this advice and bought one of the desirable bonds mentioned (or other equally desirable bonds), you have made a start in the race for the first thousand. It is a very good plan to put the interest derived from your bond, or other securities, into a savings-bank; for this interest, combined with your usual savings, will mount up surprisingly; and, sometimes, before you quite realize it, you own a thousand dollars, or its equivalent. The very sense of proprietorship of a thousand dollars has a strong moral effect, for when this sum of money is put out to work for you, the income from it gives you the first real sense of what income means.

If you seek conservative investment for the first thousand dollars, or any other sum after that, you naturally turn first to a bond. Since the usual denomination of bonds is one thousand dollars, there is a great variety to choose from. No attempt will be made here to name specific bonds, for there is a very large field to choose from. But it will be well to remember that the most desirable bonds are the first-mortgage bonds of well-established railroads and the bonds of public service corporations that operate in populous and thriving communities. These bonds usually pay more than State and municipal bonds, and, when properly bought, are practically as safe.

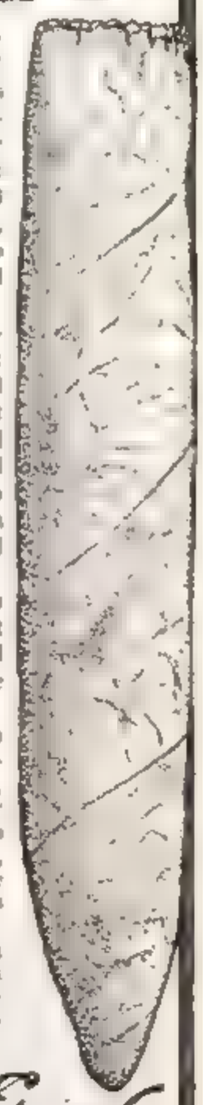
A word of caution, however, should be spoken to the buyer of bonds, which will serve him equally with all purchases of any kind of security. It is this: Make a careful investigation of whatever you buy and know what the condition and security of the corporation is. If, for example, you should want some furniture, you would go to a store and look at a great many different styles. You would then find the particular kind of furniture you wanted, and, after carefully examining it, make your purchase. You would insist upon getting just what you had bought.

I WANT you to "get acquainted" with my method of selling cigars direct to you instead of your buying them at retail and paying two middlemen's profits. I sell more cigars than five hundred retail cigar dealers combined. I make every cigar I sell, and can sell them direct to you 50% lower than a retailer, because I don't have to pay the rent of 500 stores, nor the salary of 500 sets of clerks.

If you'd rather smoke quality than looks, if you don't buy a cigar for what it seems but for what it contains, let me send you 100 of my Key West Havana Seconds for $1.90.

These Key West Havana Seconds are by no means handsome cigars. I haven't pasted pretty pictures on the box, nor have I placed bands around each cigar. I don't believe in scenery. They are irregular, but none shorter than 4½ inches, some even longer. They are made from the shorter pieces of tobacco which is used in my finest brands, and that's why they are called "Seconds," and only because the pieces of tobacco are too short for "fine shapes" can they be sold for less than $5.00 per hundred.

100 Key West Havana Seconds $1.90



I am satisfied to divide my profit on your FIRST ORDER with you. This is a way I have of introducing myself and my way of selling cigars direct to thousands of intelligent smokers. This $1.90 price, of course, applies only to your FIRST ORDER, and holds good on only 100.

I can only produce a limited number of "Key West Havana Seconds," and therefore reserve the right to return your order and refund your money after I have disposed of a certain quantity. The minute you think that you would rather have your money than the cigars, I'll return it, but I really believe that any cigar dealer in the land would gladly give you five cents a piece for them.

I sell on a strictly cash basis only. The man selling you cigars on credit, charging you $5.00 per hundred for a cigar no better than mine at $1.90, can well afford to have half of his customers "stick him."

To get the $1.90 price on your first order, address me personally but make remittance payable to Edwin Cigar Company.

Morton A. Edwin

Edwin Cigar Company,
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References: United States Exchange Bank, Dun and Bradstreet's.

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So with bonds or other securities. You have the right to know what you are buying and the financial condition of the company to which you are lending your savings, for it practically amounts to that. Many thousands of dollars are lost every year by people who do not take the trouble to investigate the properties in which they invest. They are often too quick to take the advice or heed the alluring words of their friends who have interests in such companies. When it comes to investing money you must look for yourself, or be guided by the investigation of a reputable bond house

Let us take the case of a bond in a public-service corporation. If the company is located in your town, you can make the investigation yourself. Before buying its bonds you ought to know just how prosperous the company has been, because its return to you will depend upon its prosperity. You should know what the net earnings are above the operating expenses, for these earnings are the index to the company's real condition. These earnings must be steady and satisfactory. You should also ascertain if the company has any prior obligations outstanding. Civic pride should not induce you to put your money into a "home company" just because it is a "home" corporation, because such pride will not take care of your future.

Since many of the available securities for investment in the United States are those of the railroads, it is important that the investor should know how to read the reports of the railroads which are printed in the newspapers and distributed generally. These reports show, or are supposed to show, the exact financial condition of the property. It is just as important to know the earnings of the railroad whose bonds you buy as it is to know the earnings of the public-service corporation in whose securities you invest.

Most railroad reports are so much Greek to the lay reader, yet they ought to contain the facts every investor should know.

How to Read a Railroad Report

In the first place a railroad report should show concretely three things: the earning power of the road, its financial condition and its physical condition.

The earnings are an important feature. Gross earnings are the return from passenger, freight, mail and express and other service. The operating expenses, strictly speaking, comprise the total cost of running the road. But many other items are often put under this head without specification. With an unscrupulous management "operating expenses" cover a multitude of corporate sins; therefore, it is important that they should be specified. The difference between the operating expenses and the gross earnings is called the net earnings. Often a road may be doing a tremendous volume of business, yet show very small net earnings. To the net earnings are added the interest that the road receives from any bonds it owns, for many railroads buy bonds for investment, just as do banks; also they may receive dividends and rents on property rented to other railroads.

This total gives what is called the net or total income.

From this must be taken the "fixed charges." This simply means the money that the railroad or corporation is required to pay every year.

The interest on its bonded debt is the first fixed charge against the net earnings. Taxes, insurance, rents and interest on money borrowed by note constitute other fixed charges.

When the fixed charges are deducted from the net income they leave a balance out of which the dividends on the stock may be paid.

The final remainder is what is called the surplus. This surplus plays an important part in the railroad's financial story. Properly, it belongs to the stockholders, for the stockholders own the property. The bondholders are simply lenders and are secured by a mortgage on the property. Sometimes the surplus is put back into the road in improvements; sometimes it goes to the stockholders in increased dividends; sometimes it affords officials the opportunity to speculate in the stocks of other roads.

When the surplus of a road shrinks you should see a corresponding increase in its assets, or else the investment is not of the best.

The financial statement, or balance-sheet, should show specifically the assets and liabilities, the list of securities owned by the road, so that their market value may be seen, and the exact amount of working capital or available cash; while the physical enumeration should show the length of the road, the character and condition of the equipment and the volume and character of and the returns from the business.

But the important thing for the investor to know is the relation that these figures bear to one another, for this gives the real condition of the road

What You Must Remember

The following facts should be remembered: The operating expenses should never be more than seventy-five per cent. of the gross earnings; the net earnings should be twice as much as the fixed charges. It is good also to apply the test that the New York savings-bank law puts, which is that the road shall have paid a dividend of at least four per cent. regularly for five years.

It is also wise to go over the reports of a number of years; not for one year only, because a road may have one prosperous year, followed by a bad year.

But bonds do not constitute the only safe investment of a thousand dollars. At the present time, as previously noted in this department, there is an excellent opportunity in short-term notes. The only disadvantage is that they expire soon and then the investor faces the problem of reinvestment.

The good real-estate mortgage remains always a desirable investment. But when you buy a thousand-dollar mortgage you should insist that the property mortgaged should be worth at least fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars. If you cannot yourself see the property involved, it is safest to get a guaranteed mortgage.

You can often buy real estate outright with a thousand dollars. Buying it outright is the opposite from buying it on the installment plan. This latter plan has been employed the country over, luring the people into buying lots in subdivisions which are often barren wastes that produce only a crop of taxes. Beware of real-estate booms, for they often flatten out. If you want to buy a home for yourself it is all right to invest in real estate, but most real-estate buying, when not for this specific purpose, is speculative.

There is still another legitimate chance for the man or woman with a thousand dollars to invest so that it will sometimes yield more than a bond or mortgage. It depends largely upon the locality in which you live, and consists in putting your money into a business that you know all about.

In every community there are stores in which outsiders—that is, people other than the actual proprietors—have money invested. The outsider may be a clerk, stenographer or citizen generally who knows the proprietor. This kind of investment results from the desire of the proprietor to increase his business by increasing his capital. This enables him to carry a larger and more varied stock. The investor should enter into such an arrangement only when he knows the man and the character of the business.

To Investors

In accordance with our custom for the last 25 years, we will send to investors, free, copies of our Statistical Department Circular, containing [illegible] charges, dividends, etc., of Railroad, Street Railway and Miscellaneous Companies; also high and low prices of bonds and stocks during 1906, last recorded sale, approximate yield, etc

Simply write for Booklet N

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Bonds 5% and Over

Municipal bonds issued for school, water and other purposes. **Absolutely safe investments.** We have them in amounts suitable for any investor. Tell us about how much you desire to invest and we will send you full particulars and explain how you can make your money earn with safety 5% and over. We do not handle speculative securities of any kind but deal only in high grade bonds such as are bought by savings banks, insurance companies, etc.

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Your money invested with this company will bear earnings for every day left with us We pay

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with absolute safety of principal, always subject to your control and available when needed

Our 14 years' record under New York Banking Department supervision is open to your investigation. During this time we have never paid less than 5 per cent. per year. Our patrons in every state permit us to refer to them. Your inquiries welcomed.

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Issues unequalled policies protecting against loss of income due to any accident or disease, at small monthly premiums. Write for circulars. **Agents Wanted.**

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A steady income can be made secure by those persons who live on the interest of their money. Send for free booklet "G."

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FIRST MORTGAGE UNDERLYING **BONDS**

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NEW YORK, 40 Wall St. PHILA., 333 Land Title Bldg

RAISING THE BOY

Two Ways with Two Boys

NOTHING was too good for John, our first-born; nothing that his mother or myself could do for him was left undone, and no sacrifice that we were called upon to make was considered too great, if in our judgment it would redound to his future welfare.

Our limited resources were cheerfully used to give him a proper education, and when, at the age of twelve, he developed a fine soprano voice, we placed him under the care of a capable vocal instructor for proper trainmg. He showed but little disposition to indulge in outdoor games, and his time was so taken up with study that he had little opportunity for the reading of literature. Such books as he did read, however, were carefully selected, as were his companions, and everything was done, as we thought best, to keep him from contact with the rougher elements of life.

In the course of time his voice changed to a rich barytone, and we were urged to send him abroad to complete his studies. London was his Mecca, and there he commenced his studies under the most auspicious circumstances. Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner, took a keen personal interest in him, and under the tuition of the late Sims Reeves he made such rapid headway that he was selected a member of the choir on the occasion of the obsequies of the late Queen Victoria, and also at the coronation of the King.

Then came a flood of remunerative engagements, money began to pour into his pockets, honors were heaped upon him, and the young man who had never touched a d op of liquor was dazzled by success. Carried away in the gay whirl, it required but a few months to destroy the structure that our love, our care and our sacrifices took twenty-five years to construct.

In our solicitude for the welfare of John we, perhaps, devoted too little attention to our second son, Edward, for no school was big enough to hold him, no teacher husky enough to chastise him. Baseball, lacrosse and other sports formed the major part of his curriculum, and his pranks, no doubt innocently intended, frequently led to embarrassing results, and earned for him the reputation of being a bad boy.

When he had reached the age of twenty, what little money I had been able to save was wiped away, and it was then that Edward demonstrated that in acquiring a rugged constitution he had also developed character.

Believing that a new country afforded greater opportunities, he located in Winnipeg, and soon began to meet with a fair measure of success. When his mother underwent a prolonged illness he spared no expense in giving her the only kind of treatment that would save her life, and a few weeks ago, when visiting us in our distant Canadian home, he said to his mother and me: "You have devoted your lives to your children, and there is nothing they can do for you that would come near repaying you. But I am going to make it my business to see that you acquire and hereafter retain membership in the 'Don't Worry Club.' To begin with, I want you to take your long-deferred honeymoon now. Here's the money; go to Philadelphia and enjoy yourselves." As a result, we paid our first visit to Philadelphia.

Perhaps some father, more discerning than I, may see a moral; perhaps I see one myself, but hesitate to admit it.

—*E. T. W.*

Explaining the Why

I AM a young minister, and also the proud father of a very fine boy just entering his fifth year. This boy, like all preachers' children who are attractive, stands an excellent chance of being spoiled through the notice taken of him by so many people.

Now I believe, as does this boy's mother also, that the rearing of this boy into a fine, manly young fellow will be far more effective for good than the most eloquent sermon I could possibly preach from the pulpit. So we are colaboring to grow a man at our home.

Of late this boy has been behaving badly at the table during the saying of grace. Several times he refused to bow his head, and, instead, sat bolt upright, with eyes as wide open as he could stretch them. The other day, as we sat down to dinner, he said to me: "Papa, you aren't going to 'return thanks' to-day, are you?"

"Certainly, son," I answered.

Then the little fellow puffed out his lips and put this question to me: "Well, papa, how long are you going to keep this thing up?"

I didn't spank him; I didn't scold him, but I tried to explain to him why I always "asked a blessing" before we ate our meals.

I am not at all sure the boy understood all I said, but ever since he has been punctilious in this regard, closing his eyes very tight and bowing very low his head.

This Christmas just past we had our first tree for this boy. He was beside himself with joy. He talked and surely dreamed much about Santa Claus. On Christmas Day I took the lad up into my lap and read to him Luke's account of our Saviour's birth. Then I told him that Christmas commemorated the birth of Jesus, and that Santa Claus merely represented the spirit of Christmastide—the spirit of love, good cheer and gift-giving.

How much he understood I cannot say; but this I know, I have the boy's confidence. He believes in me. He thinks I'm a mighty good man. My chief ambition is to be what that boy thinks I am. Moreover, I want always to be his ideal, his companion and, after his mother, his truest and best friend.

—*E. D. J.*

Ready with Sympathy

I HAVE always been much interested in boys. I have one of my own, and had five brothers younger than myself. Two things were impressed upon my mind, even in childhood. One was that boys need sympathy always, and honest praise sometimes. I resolved then that if I ever had children these should be given sympathy and praise at the right time, and not sparingly, either, if occasion required. I also determined that my children should never be punished for an accident.

My parents were thorough-going, hard-working people, kind in their way, and self-sacrificing for their children's benefit. This was especially true of our mother, who was very watchful and careful of our health and bodily needs. But both parents were loth to express their affection. I could screw up courage to tell my mother my plans and aspirations, but the boys would have as soon thought of taking their schemes and ambitions to the President as to father. He made great pets of the babies, but when they reached the age of three or four years he seemed to heed the Scriptural injunction of letting his conversation be "Yea, yea" and "Nay, nay."

On stormy days, when other parents sent rubbers and umbrellas to school for their children, we used to wish our folks would do so, too; not that we were afraid of the mud and rain, but we wanted our schoolmates to know that our parents cared for us, too. When we got home mother saw that we were made comfortable, but that wasn't all we wanted. We wanted just a little petting. Our hearts longed for the words of affection we heard other parents use. Were we asking too much?

Our bumps and bruises, both physical and mental, were borne in silence. But we learned to know that if no fault were found with us or our work, we might consider ourselves fortunate and try to be satisfied.

One brother used to say, when almost a man: "I would work just as faithfully and much more cheerfully if father would make a request instead of a command." Father was a very painstaking and exact workman, and no fault escaped his accurate eye.

At one time three of my brothers did a piece of work with which they took great pains. When they finished the job they looked it over carefully to see that everything was all right.

One of them made the remark: "But father will find something wrong."

Another said: "I don't see how he can with this job."

The first one replied: "But he will; I'll bet anything on it."

On father's return he looked it over and said: "It isn't straight; can't you see that?"

Any one else would have had to use a spirit-level to find it out. No note was taken of the neatness of the work nor of the manifest effort to please.

We also learned when young that to tell of an accident or a loss meant punishment, so, instead, we kept silent till it was found out, and suffered untold agony because of our secret. I am positive that this is one way of making liars and hypocrites.

Some children are by nature very timid, and cannot be frank and honest in the face of a thrashing. Who is to blame—parent or child?

A child is sorry enough for an accident without the addition of a scolding or of a whipping. When he acknowledges an offense or a sin, that is humiliation enough to help him to remember not to repeat the offense, and he deserves the ready pardon of a parent. He is thus encouraged to be truthful and honest and to believe that his parents really love him.

—*A. I. G.*

Laying the Foundation Stones

HOLMES says to make a man we should begin with his great-grandmother. Let no mother dare neglect any possible prenatal opportunities.

Parents, be *united* in all that affects the boy! "No man can serve two masters." A bright girl of a large, well-governed family was asked, "Your mother is so indulgent and father so lenient, how is it you children obey?"

"We can persuade Daddy and coax Mamsie," she replied, "but when it comes to anything important, they stand back to back and we can't run over both of them." Is it because of one voice of authority that so often widows' sons succeed?

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Have the right feelings toward the boy and what affects him, then the small items of his bedroom, his clothes, his gifts, governed by right heart-impulses, cannot be wrong.

Realize that children are under no obligation for birth! The debt is to them. If parents want love and respect they must earn it with love and respect. Love is the most expensive necessity we buy!

Many parents love but fail to respect their children. Believe in them! Believe they are noble and intelligent. Let them know it! Why should so many men have to wait till a sweetheart or wife believes in them to develop the best? Never admit their limitations—it fixes them.

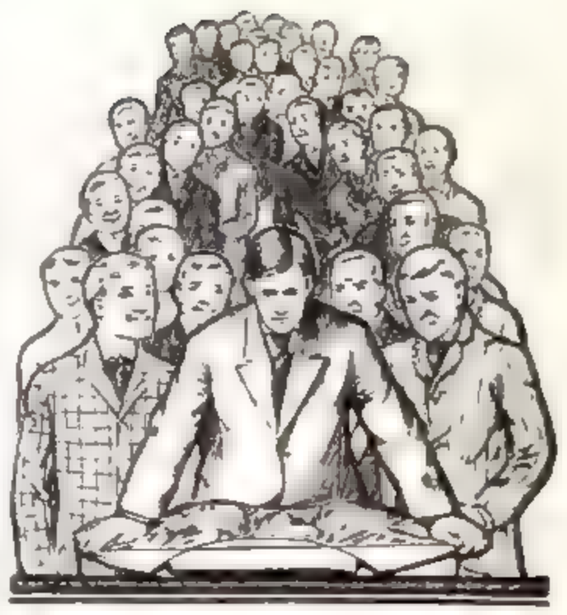
"A conceited child!" you cry. Pity the man who has no conceit. Its *exhibition* may be disgusting, but the world will soon rub down the roughness of conceit, leaving the polish of self-reliance. What if the child's belief in himself does momentarily annoy you? Remember the old man returning home one night who found himself seized by a bull-pup which his son was training for a watchdog. "Help!" shouted the struggling old man. "Stand it, if you can, Dad; it's hard on you, but it's the making of the pup!" was the reply.

You are not raising the boy for yourself. If you are, surely will you be disappointed. If you expect benefit—be it to your name, your pride or your purse—you will be disappointed. We do not gather figs of thistles. No thought of self ever brought aught save selfishness. Hold it—hold it hard—you are raising that boy for the highest development of *himself*, and verily you shall reap a goodly reward.

—*A. F.*

Getting a Job

FROM the time that the first boy graduated from the first high-school men have been writing about what the world of work has to offer to the lad who is just beginning the struggle for existence. Each generation must have its textbook. Such a textbook Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., has made for the young man to-day. Under the comprehensive title, Starting in Life, he has grouped expert opinion, explanation and advice from authorities in nearly every field of human endeavor. The so-called learned professions, the army and navy, literature, farming, mechanics, the stage and public service are all ably represented, and all treated in the simple, direct, informative manner best suited to the young man.



How to Tell Clothes

By A. Frank Taylor

HERE'S my great test for clothes! Thousands on thousands have made this test—for it has paid them to do so—

My test has enabled Careful Clothes Buyers to get Full Value for their money

—It has prevented them from spending their Good Money, for which *they* had to give Honest Value in the Shape of Work, for Clothes in which there was *no* honest Value—

Clothes that had been improperly and Carelessly Cut in the first place—and had been Improperly Tailored in the Second Place—

—Clothes that, when they came up for Final Inspection, were not sent back to be properly corrected—as they should have been—although that would Cost a little money—

—but were given over to Old Dr. Goose, the hot Flat Iron—because his work is Cheap—to be merely Pressed and Stretched and Shrunk into a Shape Resemblance.

—Clothes that, while they looked Good in every way except in the one way my test reveals—at the "try on"—lost their Shape a short time after they had been worn—

Bulged at the Lapels—Drooped and Wrinkled at the Shoulders—Gaped at the Collar—and Creased Back and Front.

* * *

On the other Hand My Test has enabled Careful Clothes Buyers to buy the Suit that has been properly and carefully Cut—that has been put together by expert Needle-workers who moulded permanent Form into the Very Cloth by means of the Needle.

It has enabled Careful Buyers who want smart and stylish clothes to *know* "Sincerity" Suits—the suits that *prove* by actual Wearing that they are made *right* from Start to Finish.

The Suits in which the Lapels lie Flat and Shapely—in which the Shoulders are Smooth and properly rounded—and in which the Collar lies close up to the back of the Neck—

Just try this Test of mine, Mr. Reader—It doesn't make any difference upon what clothes you do try it—the next Suit you buy from your High Priced Custom Tailor or the one you buy from the Dealer in ready-to-wears.

You can prove for *yourself* that what I tell you is true—

You'll find that the Suit the Collar of which isn't absolutely straight from tip to tip will not hold its Shape—

And the one the Collar of which *is* straight from tip to tip *will* look stylish and shapely for a long time to come—and nine times in ten will be a "Sincerity" Suit.

You'll find "Sincerity" Suits at your high-grade ready-to-wear dealers—Look for the label below in the Coat of the next Suit you buy—It insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

Toast in Summer

The VULCAN TOASTER

Can be used on a
Gas Range, Oil or Gasoline Stove

4 Slices of Toast in two minutes
Deliciously browned; sweet as a nut.

The outside of the slice crisp and snappy; the inside as soft as a freshly baked biscuit.

Only the VULCAN will do this

There are a number of imitations on sale. Many persons buy them because they don't know them. They don't toast on both sides at once. Besides, owing to their inferior construction they permit the flame from the burner to come in direct contact with the bread and the finished toast has a disagreeable taste. This cannot happen if you use the Vulcan. Its construction positively prevents this.

When you buy a toaster ask for the Vulcan by name. See that it has that narrow strip of unperforated metal pointed to by the hand in the illustration. Also see that the name "VULCAN" is on the top of the toaster.

Your Dealer Will Sell You a Vulcan

If he has none in stock, and will not get one for you, write us enclosing 50 cents, and we will send you a toaster by express, charges prepaid, anywhere in the U. S.

OUR BROAD GUARANTEE

Buy of us or of your dealer. Try the Vulcan Toaster for ten days. If you are not entirely satisfied at the end of that time, write us and we will gladly refund the amount you paid for the Toaster.

Our Booklet on Toast is Yours for the Asking.

WM. M. CRANE COMPANY
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Largest Manufacturers of Gas Appliances in the World

ROAST MEATS

hot or cold, are given just that "finishing touch" if seasoned with

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It perfects the flavor of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Veal and Salads. It gives relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Best grade of Cedar Canoe for $20.00. We sell direct, saving you $10.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened.

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalogue giving prices with retailers' profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 118 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PLAYER FOLK

The Lion on the Hearth

ACCORDING to a popular belief, which has not been without foundation, Richard Mansfield is the kind of lion that roars. He himself protests that in reality he is the mildest of men—except perhaps on occasions when he succumbs to habitual overwork and chronic indigestion, and then no one regrets his temper more than does he. There may, therefore, be truth in the following story, which is, in point of fact, of unquestionable authenticity:

A young woman happened to occupy rooms in a hotel next those of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield. One afternoon the two were rehearsing a scene in the evening's play. As the actor's voice is one of his greatest talents, the young woman became an auditor, in spite of herself, of one-half of the colloquy. It was evident that the actor and his wife differed radically with regard to how the scene should be played, and that Mrs. Mansfield's determination to have her way was as firm as her voice was mild. Finally there came an outburst, though not at all of anger:

"For *my* sake, Beatrice!"

The involuntary auditor never knew how the question was settled, but she has never since doubted Mr. Mansfield's own reports as to his disposition.

The Costumer's Revenge

HERBERT KELCEY tells a story that establishes a new record for refined malice. The last previous mark was fixed by the Empress Josephine, who smilingly invited a rival beauty to sit beside her on a green sofa which absolutely killed the effect of the victim's blue gown.

The hero of Mr. Kelcey's tale of woe is a New York costumer who harbored a grudge against Lawrence Barrett. In the famous all-star testimonial performance of Hamlet at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Barrett was to play the Ghost and Mr. Kelcey, Bernardo.

Now Barrett was taller in art than in inches, while Mr. Kelcey is a good six feet. The costumer provided Bernardo with a glittering Lohengrin suit of mail, with a dragon-topped helmet of portentous altitude. The Majesty of buried Denmark looked like a tin soldier—though if the audience could have measured him by the height of his passion he would have been colossal.

If Mr. Kelcey was hoist with pride, however, he met with the proverbial fall. In the entire performance he had only one line, announcing to the King the return of Hamlet. But the King was faking his lines, and cut out the cue. After waiting all evening in his hardware shop Mr. Kelcey was foiled.

That performance, given as a testimonial to one of the most artistic of American actor-managers, Lester Wallack, was in fact a monumental example of the futility of all-star casts. There were only three rehearsals, and Booth, who played Hamlet, foresaw the catastrophe, as appears in a letter he wrote to his daughter before it fell. He insisted on casting for Horatio an actor who was accustomed to play with him, and so saved his own bacon, if not the play of Shakespeare.

He was, however, the solitary survivor. Mr. Kelcey, whose sense of humor is delicious, is voluminous in anecdote of the fatalities. All the leading theatres in New York were closed in honor of the occasion, and the actors swelled the crowds on the stage to hundreds.

De Wolf Hopper wore a costume several sizes too small for him and Marshall Wilder dragged about garments proportionately too large. It was about the least successful effort either of them ever made to conceal the fact that they are born comedians. The stage, which was of the old kind, raked backward at a terrific angle.

At the burial of Ophelia, as they were lowering Madame Modjeska into her grave, Mr. Hopper sank to his knees and, wringing his hands, loudly moaned out, "Heaven help her! They're burying her on the side of a hill! They're burying her on the side of a hill!"

Sandwiching the Drama

NOTHING strikes the American playgoer in London more forcibly than the fact that it is the rule for women in the orchestra stalls to appear in full evening dress, with bare neck and shoulders. The truth of the matter is that fashionable English folk regard the drama as a casual adjunct to dinner rather than as a function in itself. It is almost impossible to get the curtain up in a first-class playhouse before half-past eight, and very often a trivial curtain-raiser is made the excuse of delaying the chief piece till after nine. Moreover, supper is regarded as an indispensable finale in "doing a play," and, as the restaurants are obliged by law to close at midnight, it is equally impossible to hold an audience after eleven. The serious English playwrights, and notably Mr. Pinero, have complained bitterly that the drama is being squeezed out of existence by food.

Quite lately the custom of appearing décolleté at the theatre has spread to other countries. In Paris, for instance, where so much of the dining is done in hotels and restaurants, hats are worn with evening dress. In New York, on the other hand, evening gowns are as yet limited to the discreetest of V-necks, or, if the shoulders are exposed, there is usually a yoke of diaphanous lace rising to a collar. But the time is clearly at hand when the most radical evening costume will be in order. Meantime the rise of the curtain is steadily becoming later and later, and, though the restaurants are wide open at all hours, there is always a large element in every audience that is a slave to the departure of the last suburban train.

Dramatists and managers are thus remembering that, more than ever, brevity is destined to become the soul of dramatic wit.

AN EXTRA NUMBER

(Continued from Page 3)

legend, "The latest song hit—*Once in a While*, as sung by Miss Elaine Duryea"—that is wealth, success and fame.

The audience was good-natured and noisy. The regulars were out in force, for Rose Forsythe had made a decided hit with her latest song. Even now the lilt of it swept through the gallery in undertone, and conversation was unconsciously tuned and modeled to its swinging rhythm. This was to be her last night at Fourteenth Street. She was billed next at the Twenty-third Street house and so on uptown. They had followed her fortunes long. Was she not Rose of the Bowery, bone of their bone, blood of their blood? And she would probably not appear here again. Rumors went to and fro that she was to join Talbot in comedy, she was to go on a Western tour, she was signed for the Extravaganza—even that she was to marry Harrington, the matinée idol. So it was on her that interest centred, and for her sake Lounsbury's was crowded to overflowing. "We'll give the kid a good send-off, anyhow," said the composite voice of the Bowery.

Rose's turn was "E" on the program. She came in white Grecian costume to a darkened stage, with a "spot-light" on her winning youth and beauty as she sang. There was an "Electric Firefly Ballet" of eight, with faithful Kitty as leader, gleaming through the dimness as they wrought about her a weird spell

Of woven paces and of waving hands,

to the pulsing, joyous rhythm of her song, and sang with her in the quivering, half-regretful melody of far-flung chorus. The audience joined in, softly at first, till the house was carried off their feet by the infectious sweep and swing of it; then altogether, till the building rocked again. A storm of applause followed, long sustained and generous. She came back radiant, glowing, flushed with triumph, bowing, smiling. They sang the "Firefly" again—a song of bright, transient youth sung by Youth incarnate: a song worthy of her joyous face, and her marvelous mellow voice was worthy of the song. They called her back again and yet again. Mud-Pie Days they sang;

Stylish Summer Suits Made to Order

Do you wish to have your Summer costume made in New York, made especially to fit and become you?

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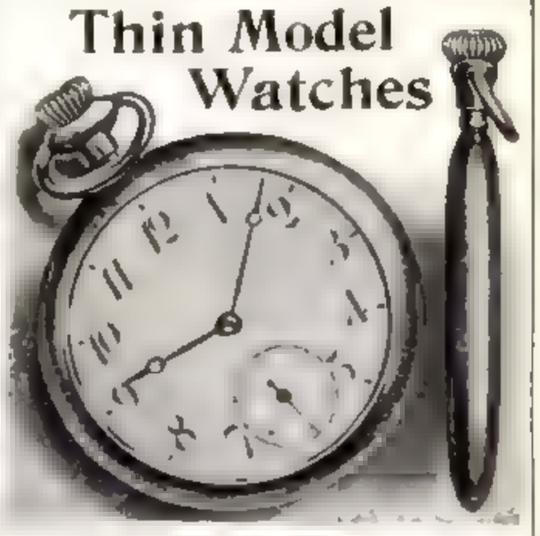

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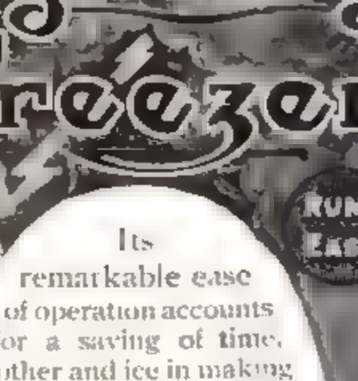

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then a low, dreamy, long-echoing lullaby that died away rippling to silence. Still the storm held unabated fury; Lounsbury's could not remember such an ovation. But relentlessly the electric announcer blazed forth a coruscating "F"; Rose, drawing Kitty forward, bowed her thanks again, and responded no more to the tumultuous thunder from the balcony.

At length the disappointed house subsided to something approaching quiet. Most of them had now got what they came for—though viciously inclined because there was not more of it. They settled back to wait for a chance to at once revenge their grievance and give vent to their exuberant animal spirits.

"F" was an acrobat, who performed almost impossible feats with such deceptive appearance of ease that the Bowery yawned. A little perfunctory applause followed. Then Illingsworth came on with the British Firemen's Quartette.

In English music-halls the Illingsworth company had been rather successful. Even up-state they had pleased the bucolic mind. But during this, their first week in Gotham, they had met with a decided frost. Their singing was good; but the Bowery clearly expected better than good. Their jokes had a mild British flavor which didn't appeal to the Bowery's jaded palate. The English accent of their "patter," being merely genuine, did not do at all. In fact, much of it was quite unintelligible to the Bowery.

Throughout the week the applause had been faint-hearted and scattering. To-night they went through the turn in a chill silence absolutely ghastly. It seemed incredible that so many human beings could be so still. And Illingsworth, the leader, doubly heartsick, stumbled through his part so badly that he hardly could have done worse.

A few faint hand-claps died away ashamed. A moment, to allow the hostile silence to sink in; then began hisses and cat-calls, jeers and jibes.

But Illingsworth did not hear them. Just as he reached the wings he saw, behind the drop curtain, a thin tongue of fire which licked at a scene, caught in the paint and varnish, leaped up to another, and the flimsy, oil-soaked canvas began to flame. The horror of it! One whiff of smoke, one cry of "Fire!" and that crowded house would turn to mad flight and to death! With a word to the stage-manager Illingsworth walked back on the stage and held up a hand.

There was something so remarkable in the whole appearance of the man, his easy, assured manner, his sparkling eyes, his high-hearted look of supreme courage, as contrasted with his woodenness of a moment since, that the hostile, scoffing tongues were still for very curiosity.

Clear and unhurried, his untroubled voice carried distinctly to every corner.

"Mr. Lounsbury has kindly consented to let us present a fire scene for the extra number," he announced, "so you may see the Firemen's Quartette in action. We give a realistic picture of a fire, but, I beg, you will not be alarmed. It is all under perfect control; electricity and gas, you know. All ready!"

He waved his hand for the curtain. Behind the scenes they huddled terror-stricken, but they heard and comprehended. And already on the announcer glowed a great "X." The curtain rose swiftly and the Firemen's Quartette dashed on the stage after their leader, with the hose always ready for action which lay without, and the real firemen who waited with it. The scenes were burning fiercely, but the audience had seen so many wizard's tricks of stage management in the past, with electricity, that they accepted it in good faith as a novel illusion, and kept their seats, highly pleased.

Rushed in actors, acrobats, stage-hands; but all took their cue from the plucky Englishman, and with cheerful cries, even with old "gags," kept up the appearance of all being foreplanned. It was all over before the first surprise was done. They hurled fire extinguishers, tore down blazing scenery, drenched it with the high-pressure water. In a moment there was only a charred and smoking heap on which the hose played, a cloud of steam which rose to the flies overhead. Then Illingsworth, scorched and blackened, sauntered leisurely to the footlights. There was an uneasy rustle in some places. They had guessed in the boxes, but even Persons of No Consequence could hardly do less than to second such a gallant play—even if they had not half-believed their ears against their eyes. So they sat fast.

Real danger was over; but even yet it was not too late for a stampede. Illingsworth held them with his slow, careless voice and manner.

"There!" he said easily. "That's the way we managed fires when I had a billet in good old Lunnon. You New Yorkers have seen a good many pieces of realism of late years—real horses, real water and real peaches—but, honestly now, have you ever seen anything better than that? Speaking for the Quartette, I hope the fire will be warm enough to thaw the severe frost I have noticed lately, and that you will all come to see it again. I think, before the next number, Mr. Lounsbury wants to make an announcement."

Lounsbury stumbled on, but he was white, unnerved, shaken, speechless. Then they understood. A moment's shuddering silence, and the house went wild.

They stood up in their seats, with cheer on cheer, tossing of arms, shouting, the thankful tears of women. A sea of sound that swelled louder and louder; a steady roar that beat on Illingsworth in a storm of grateful love and homage. "Speech! Speech!—Illingsworth!—Speech!—Illingsworth!" howled the Bowery.

But Marcus, smiling, shook his head. Lounsbury went back and led on the Rose. Perhaps, they would listen to her. They did.

"Now, boys," said Rose Forsythe—"that is, ladies and gentlemen. Many of you owe your lives to Mr. Illingsworth's quick wit and courage. We might have had an awful tragedy. It was nobly done and he thanks you for your generous appreciation. You can thank him best if, another time, you just remember what might have happened to-night, and keep your seats if there's a scare. Being burned up is painful, but it's way ahead of trampling other folks to death and remembering it afterward, or even being trampled to death yourself. Now, you must all go home, like good boys and girls. We can't go on to-night. Mr. Lounsbury will refund your money." She glanced at Lounsbury.

"Certainly," said that worthy nervously. "You can get your money or tickets ——"

"Aw, come off!" shouted a voice from the gallery. "We got our money's worth from the little Englishman; more, too. This is the best night little old New York ever had. But, if your conscience hurts you, get the Rose to sing us just one more song and we'll call it square. We may not see her again soon."

Another roar greeted this suggestion. "Rose—Rose Forsythe!" said the Bowery.

"Thank you," said Rose Forsythe. "I'll sing, of course. *Kitty!*" she called. "Especially as—Boys, you've known me a long time—three years, some of you—and you've all been good to me. But you may never hear me sing again. As this is an unusual occasion—a sort of family affair—I may as well tell you now that I've made a permanent engagement."

Groans of disapproval. "With Talbot?" inquired the spokesman for the Bowery, from the gallery.

"Talbot?" echoed Rose. "Oh, no! Not that kind of engagement. Why, boys," she said, with a step forward, "I'm going to be married!"

More groans and louder. And unnoted—unless by Kitty or the Person of No Consequence—Marcus' head drooped over unheroically.

"To an actor? Not that beast Harrington?" demanded the spokesman.

"An actor?" said Rose. "Oh, no, or at least a very bad actor. But, boys"—oh, her voice was proud—"he's a man!"

Rose of the Bowery turned to silent, forgotten, gloomy Illingsworth, leaned, yearning, to him, with hands outstretched in glad surrender.

The German first violin, unbidden, struck up a wailing note. No passing popular song, but old and ever new; haunting, tender, unforgotten; that the cynical, skeptical world holds dear and hides shamefacedly in a secret corner of her tough, warm old heart. And so, on that wrecked and ruined stage, the Bowery Rose ended her "career" and began to live. She sang, and, all standing, the Bowery—the hard-headed, brazen, fickle, scoffing Bowery—sang with her, not irreverently:

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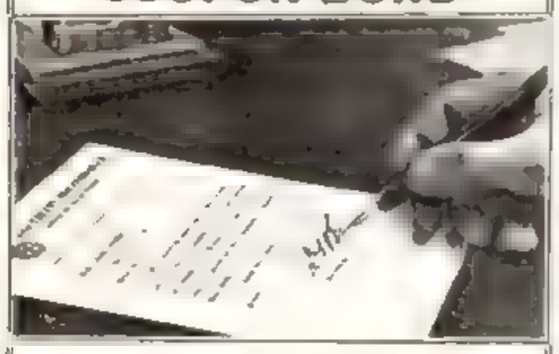

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The Partnership Dog

(Continued from Page 15)

comfort to confess to mother; but he remembered the episodes of the Morris-chair and the dog-tax man. If father and mother had repudiated Spotty once they would do so again, and in that case nothing could save his dog from the sheriff.

Sitting in the gathering twilight on the steps of the back porch, he tried to make up his mind what a boy ought to do in such a case. Should he tell what he knew about Spotty and give him up to the law, or should he take him and run away into the next county, say—and not come back for a long time? This last idea had a certain fascination about it, and yet it was a rather shivery plan to think of, just at dusk, with bedtime not far off. He had better wait till morning to run away, he decided.

In the morning sunshine things looked different. When Spotty was let out of his kennel, he leapt with such gay abandon upon his master, his eyes twinkled in such a friendly manner under his reddish bang, that it was impossible to think of him as doing a dastardly deed. The morning called to them; upon the grass there were cobwebs of dew, diamond-frosted by the sun; the hills flamed with color; the air was full of the scents of September—the pungency of bonfires, the smell of the woods, of falling maple leaves, of dusty wayside clematis and gardens touched by the first frost.

As naturally as a duck takes to water, a boy takes to the hills on such a day. Before the last wisp of mist had cleared from the top of Bear's Back, Reddy and Spotty were roving half-way up its side. They ranged as only a boy and a dog can range—with apparent aimlessness, but in reality moving with the utmost accord toward one object—any plunder the woods might yield. Spotty ran in zigzags, his nose to the ground and his tail gayly beckoning. Reddy followed, with a critical eye on the hickory-nut harvest and the ginseng yield.

They had nearly belted the hill when Reddy saw the dog suddenly stop with his nose to the ground. He stood perfectly still for a second, his legs stiffened and the hair on his back rising. Then with a curious whistling whine he was off. Reddy raced after him. He saw that the dog ran always with his nose to the ground, along a tiny trail—a sheep trail, light and freshly worn. Evidently a drove of sheep had been recently driven to new pasture over the crest of the hill. The boy's heart pounded with dismay. At the rate the dog was running he would be upon the sheep in five minutes, unless he was stopped. That he was frantic with excitement was evident from the way he took the scent.

A brook, spreading out into a piece of swampy ground, compelled the dog to lessen his pace while he sniffed for the trail. In the pause, Reddy threw himself upon him. The dog leapt away, but Reddy clung to his collar. Digging his heels into the ground, throwing all his weight against the dog, commanding, pleading, the boy was dragged along the path. Brambles tore at his face, and he was thrown to his knees more than once, but he never relaxed his grip on Spotty's collar. His freckled face was purple with exertion; tears of despair were in his eyes as the dog surged ahead remorselessly. They had nearly reached the shoulder of the hill when the dog, as if maddened by the weight on his neck, whirled and caught his master's wrist in his teeth.

The boy did not flinch. For an instant he looked straight into the bloodshot eyes of the dog. Underneath his freckles he had turned quite white, and it seemed hours that his wrist was held in the bared teeth of the dog. Then it was dropped just as suddenly as it had been seized. With an abject whine the dog dropped in the path.

"You lie there, Spotty," the boy said sternly. Then he cut a stout willow switch. At the first cut of the whip the dog started to rise, but he looked at the boy and lay down again. There were six blows in all, and each one fell on the boy's heart. After the sixth he flung the whip away from him. His under lip was caught by his teeth to keep it from quivering, and he looked at the dog through a blur of tears.

The dog crawled to him and laid its head on the boy's foot. For the first time in his lawless life he acknowledged a master.

It was altogether too much for Reddy. He sank upon the ground with his arm about Spotty's neck and sobbed:

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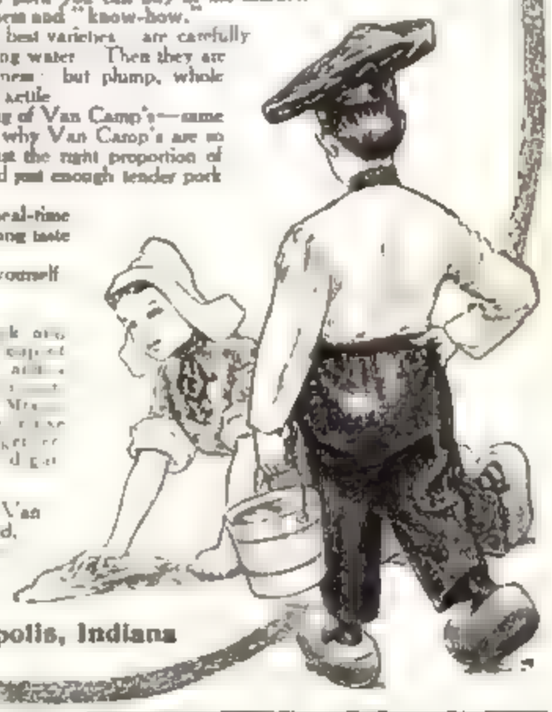

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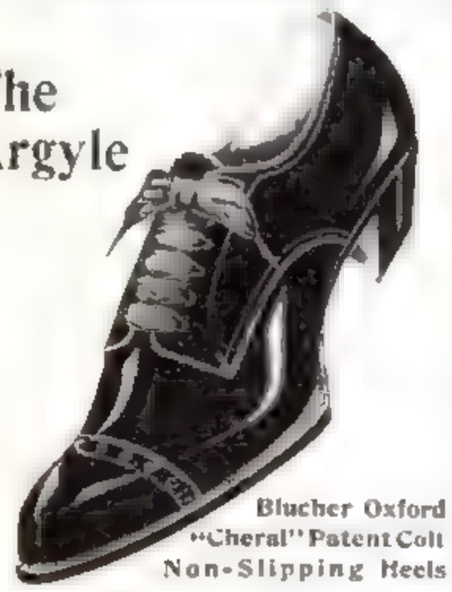

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"I had to do it, Spotty—I had to lick you! You're a bad dog—but I—I like you, Spotty, an' I've got to learn you not to chase sheep, or they'll kill you!"

The dinner-hour had come and gone when the two started down the hill for home. At Reddy's heels the dog trotted, sadder and wiser—rather chastened since he had found a master. Reddy himself was full of forebodings. He knew now that he could no longer deny Spotty's guilt. He had made himself master of his dog, but there was little satisfaction in the victory. Deep in every boy's heart there is an innate respect for the law. Reddy knew as surely as he descended the hill that he and Spotty had come to the parting of their ways.

When he reached town he was going straight to the sheriff. He would find the sheriff in the drug-store where he spent most of his time, and he would say to him, in an offhand fashion: "Here's my dog. He's been chasin' sheep and, not wanting to make any trouble, I'll just hand him over," and when he got this far his throat contracted.

He could hear Spotty padding softly behind him in the road. His step lagged; no use in hurrying to the sheriff's. He would not look around at Spotty, though Spotty touched his hand now and then with a wet, cold nose. He put his hands in his pockets and scuffed more and more slowly along the dusty path—a figure of unhappiness.

In the shade of the mill Hank and Slim and Licorice-legs were fishing. They saw Reddy and his dog coming across the bridge.

"Hi, Reddy," they called; "come along down here!" As Reddy hesitated, they cast their poles upon the ground and beckoned wildly to him. It was evident that they had something special to impart. The sheriff could wait. He began to clamber down to the river. They ran toward him.

"Say, Reddy," they called, "that jay farmer was wrong about Spotty! They caught the dog that killed his sheep—an' it was a yellow dog, something like Spotty—an' the farmer was in town this morning——"

"I saw him myself," declared Slim, "an' he says to me that they caught the dog right in the very act an' they shot him!"

Reddy's mouth opened, but no words came out. There was something awe-inspiring in this deliverance. Knowing what he knew, he felt as if a burden had been suddenly laid upon his shoulders. Guardian to Spotty would be no easy part to play. But he had the heart of the true dog-lover; he accepted Spotty's past and future thankfully, resolved to train him henceforth in the way he should go.

"Good old Spotty," the boys were chorusing, and the spirits of Reddy bounded skyward. He would have liked to hug and kiss Spotty, but instead he borrowed a pole of Slim and fell to fishing for shiners, with the blue and gold of September shimmering in the river, and the joy of boyhood again in his eyes.

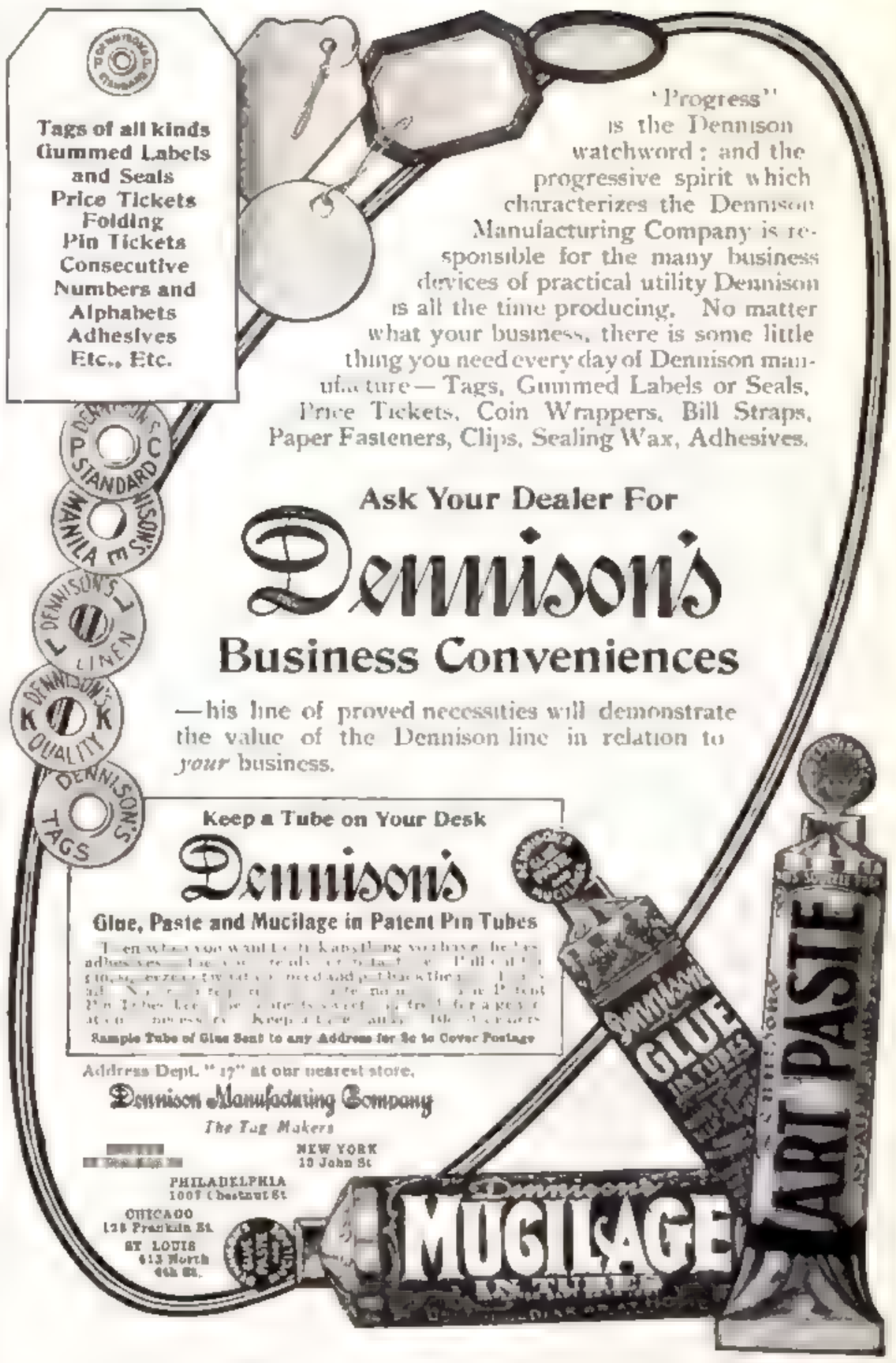
The Diamond's Colors

ONE of the oddest of the ignorances of science has to do with the colors of diamonds. No chemist or physicist has found out how to explain them satisfactorily.

Of course, they are due to impurities of one sort or another. A perfectly white diamond is pure carbon, but a colored stone of the kind must owe its tint to a small quantity of some extraneous substance.

At the South African mines, which now furnish almost the entire world's supply of such gems, the freshly-dug diamonds are sorted out according to color, as well as with regard to size, brilliancy and quality. Generally speaking, yellow diamonds are less valuable than white ones. The white, or colorless, stones always fetch the highest prices—save for the exceptional, or freak, diamond which, though tinted, is listed in the fancy class, ranking highest of all as a marketable article.

Such a stone is the celebrated Hope diamond, forty-four and a half carats, owned in England, which is of a beautiful blue color. Another is the peerless green diamond, pear-shaped and weighing thirty-eight carats, which is the principal treasure of the Green Vaults at Dresden. Yet another is the famous red diamond, belonging to the Russian Crown, which, though only ten carats, is considered priceless as a curiosity. Still another is a flawless yellow diamond of one hundred and twenty-five carats, owned in New York, which looks like a chunk of crystallized sunlight.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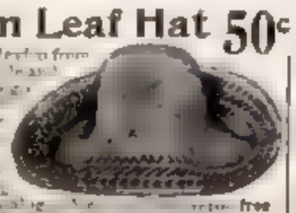

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO. Dept. B 6 Mesilla Park, N. M.

The Man Hunt

(Continued from Page 15)

parlor, the shades raised in the area, the canary thrilling in response to the shaking of the kitchen range, and *paterfamilias* coming down the steps at about eight twenty-five, in a square derby hat, to go to his real-estate office. This is what occurs at four homes out of five in this locality every morning from the first day of October to the first day of July.

But no eye within the last ten years had beheld a shade raised in this particular establishment. The census-taker had never entered its doors. No woman had ever passed its threshold. No child had ever played within its halls. Once a year a load of wines was deposited there and once a month a grocer's wagon paused outside. The coal was put in during the summer—forty tons, C. O. D. and five per cent. off. The milkman was the only matutinal visitor, and the milkman left his wares upon the flagging of the servants' entrance. At eleven o'clock a colored man emerged from the area and departed in the direction of Sixth Avenue with a basket upon his arm. In half an hour he returned. This was the chief occurrence of the day. At seven in the evening two hansom cabs drew up before the door to allow four men to enter the house—also by the area. That was all, except the ice-wagon, which stopped daily, but the colored man took the ice off the hooks at the door.

The visitors of the house arrived in cabs between the hours of eight and twelve P. M., and departed between the latter hour and five in the morning. There are forty similar *ménages* north of Thirty-third Street and east of Long Acre Square.

"He's in here," said Sullivan. "But I ain't goin' inside."

"You're not, eh?" remarked Ralston. "Very well, we stay here together, then, until he comes out—and then you go down to headquarters with *me*."

"Look here, Sackett," whined Sullivan, "how can I go in? They'd see me and know I'd sold 'em out. I can't do it. It would finish me. Don't be unreasonable."

"Well, how do I know he's here?" asked Ralston. "Don't be unreasonable yourself."

"Well, I *know* he's here," said Sullivan. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll go into the hall, and when you're satisfied I ain't givin' you the double-cross, I'll slip out. Suppose I showed you Steadman, that would satisfy you, wouldn't it?"

"It certainly would," said Ralston.

Sullivan looked up and down the street and then clambered out in a disjointed and rheumatic fashion.

"I'm sorry, Miss Davenport, I can't let you have the cab," said Ralston. "I shall need it—I hope."

Sullivan was on the sidewalk, looking at the house.

The girl suddenly seized Ralston's hand. "Mr. Ralston," she said, "be careful while you are in that house. Don't mention a word of what I've told you about Sullivan. They're a reckless lot. Watch yourself and them. Play it easy, and good luck to you. Sometime, I hope, I'll see you again."

Ralston pressed her hand.

He climbed down.

"Where to?" mumbled the cabby.

"Stay right *here* until I come out—if it's six hours!" directed Ralston.

The dawn was flushing the chocolate-colored fronts before them and a milk-wagon was working gradually down the block. Ralston felt weak in the knees, but he pounded his feet on the pavement and stepped quickly after Sullivan, who had started up the steps.

"I needn't warn you that there must be no funny business, Sullivan," said Ralston, as the other fumbled in his trousers pocket. "Our bargain holds. Your life for mine and Steadman's."

"You needn't worry," replied Sullivan. "Murder isn't in our business. I wish I could turn Steadman over to you bound hand and foot, but I can't. You've got *him* to deal with. The rest is easy. The gang's pretty near through with him. But you've got to handle *him* yourself."

Sullivan inserted the key and turned the handle of the door, which swung open as if on greased hinges.

As Ralston crossed the threshold it occurred to him forcibly that although the house in which he now stood was not over three blocks from his lodgings, and that his

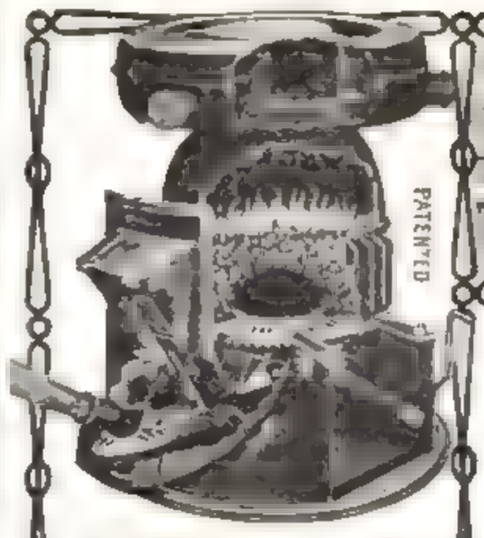

Illustration shows furnace, without casing cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire — which burns on top

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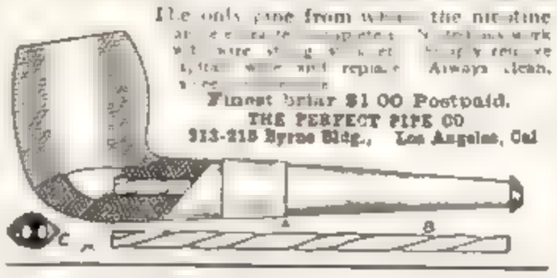

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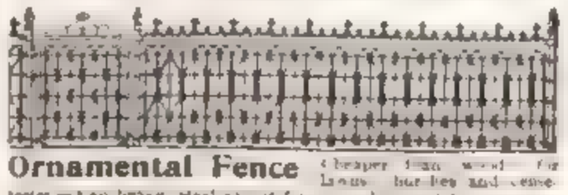

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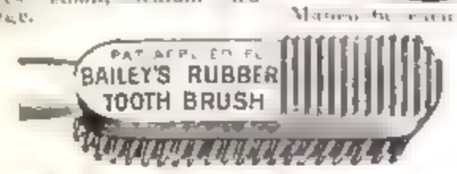

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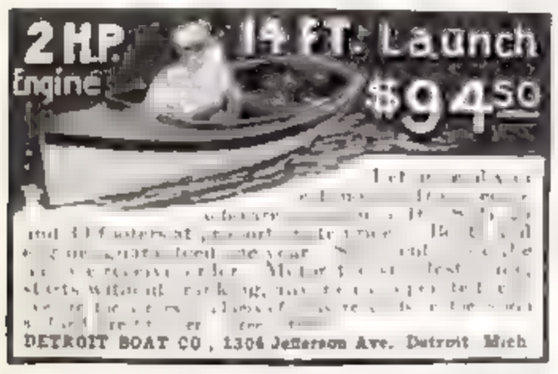

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round-the-clock chase had brought him, like a man lost in the woods, back almost to his starting-point, the fact that he had actually struck Steadman's trail at all, to say nothing of having run him to earth, was in itself no less than a miracle. Fate or Providence had certainly favored him upon the one hand, if it had dashed his hopes upon the other. He was the same Ralston that had jumped into the same cab just around the corner some seven hours before, but in that short passage of time the current of his existence had gone swirling off in an entirely unexpected direction. The hopes and ambitions of the evening had faded to fair dreams lingering on after a disappointing awakening. Apart from his utter exhaustion a pall had fallen upon his spirit. He had become undervitalized physically and psychically. He did not care what might happen before he regained the street, and he knew that almost anything might happen. The gamblers had been in an ugly mood for a long time. Yet he knew that his hold on Sullivan, fictitious as it was, was for the time being a sure one. Moreover, the experiences of the night had not lessened his confidence in his capacity to handle any new situation as it might arise.

Sullivan now addressed himself to the inner door, which opened as easily as its predecessor, and an old-fashioned hall disclosed itself before them. On the right a pair of heavy portières concealed the entrance to what was, or at least sometime had been, the drawing-room. The usual steep flight of carpeted walnut stairs ascended to the usual narrow hallway on the second floor. A massive walnut hat-rack supported a huge mirror and a collection of Inverness coats and tall hats. A bronze gas-chandelier burned brightly, and a colored man lay extended at full length upon the floor with his head resting upon the bottom stair. The air was close and heavy and filled with the thin blue smoke of distant cigars. Apart from the audible repose of the negro, the house was as silent as a New England Sabbath morning.

Sullivan strode toward the recumbent figure upon the floor and administered a stout kick, at which the sleeper suddenly raised his head and drew up his knees.

"Here you, Marcus, wake up!" growled Sullivan. "Where's Mr. Farrer?"

The negro rubbed his eyes and gazed stupidly at the two figures before him without replying.

"Where's Mr. Farrer?" inquired Sullivan.

Marcus pointed over his shoulder and up the stairs.

"He's in de back room, boss."

"Who's up there?"

"Jes' a single game—five gen'lemen."

"How long they been playin'?"

"Couple days, Ah reckon."

"How long have you been asleep?"

"Couple days, Ah reckon, boss," repeated Marcus.

"Is Mr. Steadman up there?"

"He de gen'lman they calls Mr. X?" asked Marcus with more interest.

"I think so," answered Sullivan.

"Yes, sir, he's up dere. Say, boss, what day is this?" asked Marcus. "Sunday, ain't it? We began playin' Satu'd'y, but Ah reckon Ah done got confused 'bout de time."

But Sullivan did not reply. Instead he turned to Ralston and said:

"Look here, I don't see any way out of my having to introduce you to the game. After I've done that you'll have to manage the thing for yourself."

He started laboriously upstairs.

Marcus returned to his previous position of elegant repose.

At the top of the first flight they turned and, passing along the hall, ascended another. The smoke grew thicker as they progressed. The only light came from the gas-brackets, for the skylight over the hall was draped with a sheet of black cloth. Ralston caught the faint click of chips at the top of the second flight.

"It's up to you," said Sullivan, "if you want to go in."

"I'll take the responsibility," answered Ralston, but his heart began to beat faster, a phenomenon he attributed to the fact that there was no elevator.

At the top of the last flight they paused. The sound of chips and low voices came from beneath the door of the room in the back. Then followed a pause, during which some one cursed his luck loudly.

Sullivan pushed open the door and Ralston entered at his elbow. At first he

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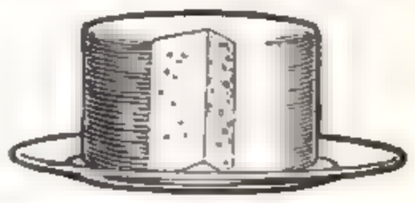

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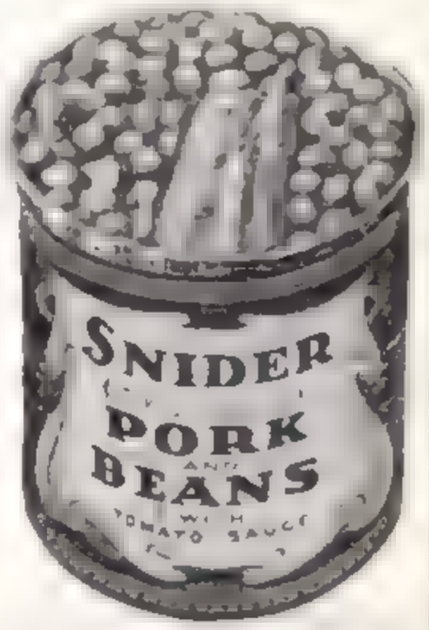

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$4.00 and $3.50

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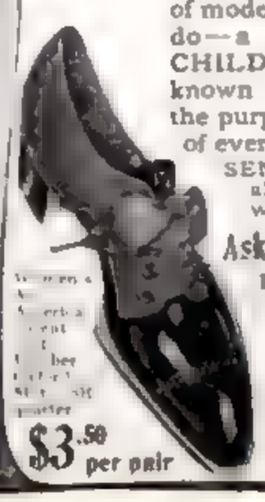
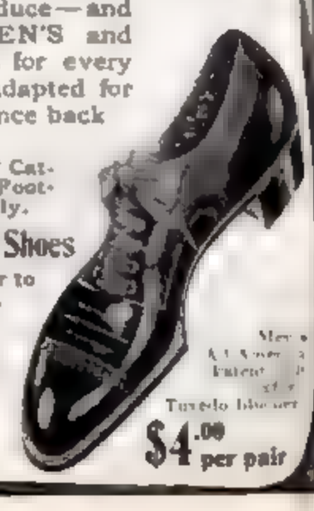


$3.50 per pair



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5% on demand deposits 6% on time deposits

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We pay 5% on deposits withdrawable on demand.

An interesting booklet reciting Georgia State Laws, and showing the strength of our institution, sent on request.

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THE ROOFING THAT LASTS

A perfect cover for flat or steep, new or old roofs. Contains no tar to drip or run. Needs no coating of any kind. Easy to put on. Endures all climates and weathers. 5 year quality guaranteed, $1.00 per square. 10 year quality guaranteed, $1.60 per square. 20 year quality guaranteed, $3.00 per square.

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One square contains 108 sq. ft. and covers 100 sq. ft. Freight paid anywhere in United States or Canada on 6 squares or more. Special prices on quantity lots.

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Our 1907 Speed Power Canoe

A high speed perfectly safe boat. Water tight chambers run from end to end on both sides, making it almost impossible to roll. All the luxury of canoeing, all the charm of motoring at high speed, and all the safety of a large boat. Hull 20 feet long, made of cedar, 2 H. P. engine, starts without cranking.

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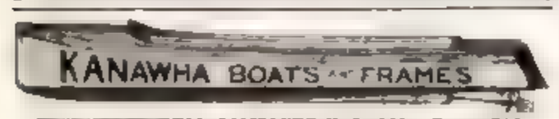

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An impartial booklet describing A Motor for 10 cents in stamps

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STEEL SWINGS

Every part a spring. Room for 9. Handily operated. No screws. Fine Canopy. First each town at WHOLESALE. Finest outfit. Lowest price. Write quick.

D. H. HAUSMAN, Bausman, Pa.
10 Post Street (Lancaster Co.)

10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25c silver. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in neat case for future use.

Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

could see nothing, owing to the thick haze that hung like a cloud throughout the room. Then he made out the figures of five men in their shirt-sleeves seated at a medium-sized table. These started to their feet at the interruption, and one of them, larger than the others, cried out:

"What do you want?"

"It's only me—little, tiny me," said Sullivan with a laugh. "I've brought a new come-on that thinks he knows the game. Can you let him sit in?"

Ralston was watching Sullivan narrowly for the first sign of betrayal, but it was clear that Sullivan was living up to his bargain.

A drawling voice came from the table. "Five's the gambler's game—we're nearly through, anyhow."

The tall man hesitated.

"We're nearly through, as Mr. X says," he remarked, not impolitely. "It's quite late. Of course, if you're a friend of Sullivan's ——"

"Oh, let me take a stack. I've made a night of it and I want to get my bait back. I guess I've still got the price," said Ralston. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Well," said the other, "gamblers' rules. This is an open game. I'm afraid he's entitled to come in. Goin', Sullivan? Well, so-long. Close the door after you."

"So-long, Sackett," said Sullivan.

"Good-by," said Ralston, with emphasis. "We're quits, aren't we?"

"Sure," replied Sullivan.

"Let me present you to the company," said the tall man. "My name's Farrer. I guess you've heard of me. These are my friends Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, and Mr. X. Your own name is Mr. ——?"

"Sackett," said Ralston.

"All right, Mr. Sackett. We were just about goin' to pull out, but we'll hold the game open for you for a few minutes, just to give the boys a chance to even up. No, we're not playing dollar limit. The lid's off. But just out of respect for the cloth we don't go above a thousand at one clip. Take a full stack? Amounts to exactly forty-nine hundred and seventy-five. Brown, a thousand; yellow, five hundred, blue, one hundred; red, fifty; white, twenty-five and ante."

"Thank you," said Ralston, with a slight leap of the heart, as Farrer pushed over the little pile of ivory counters. "If you don't object, I'll take off my overcoat for luck."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Nursery Profits

ANY earnest business effort is apt to lead to profits on side issues.

For several years we had been interested in growing flowers out-of-doors for sale to florists, which is quite practicable for many varieties in Texas. In the fall of 1904 we arranged to ship Christmas greens, among them the youpon.

In answer to our advertisements we were asked if we could furnish a hundred small youpon trees. In the same mail came a catalogue from the inquirer. Looking over this we found Mexican tuberose bulbs quoted at twenty dollars a thousand.

In answer we wrote that we did not grow youpon as nursery stock, but could send the small trees dug from the woods, and also that we were interested in the tuberoses. In return we got a proposition to exchange one thousand tuberose bulbs for one hundred of the youpons.

We gladly accepted and sent a man to the woods, paying him two dollars, as we had our own wagon and team, and got the one hundred trees in one day.

The bulbs came in due time and were planted the next spring. In June they began to bloom and we priced the flowers at fifty cents a dozen.

They bloomed until frost, in November, and we sold sixty dollars' worth that year, and in the fall took up about seven thousand bulbs.

These we replanted, and the next year we sold one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of flowers and took up something like twenty thousand bulbs. Of these we sold twenty-five dollars' worth, replanting the remainder.

Needless to say we are quite satisfied with the profits on our two-dollar investment, and, while Christmas greens have never proved profitable, as we are too far from the timber, yet it was well worth the work we expended on it. —*M. C.*

"The Sweetness You Shall Take"

A refined confection for refined people—made of pure, golden honey gathered by real bees from the clover-fields near our buildings. Encased in the purest, richest, smoothest chocolate. A most delicious delight for confectionery epicures.

"Taylor-Made" on every chip. Fifty cents for a pound box. Twenty-five cents for a half-pound box

"Taylor-Made" Honey Comb Chocolate Chips

If your dealer does not sell the genuine, send us his name and address and five 2-cent stamps, and we will send you (once only) a fancy box of

TAYLOR BROS. COMPANY,
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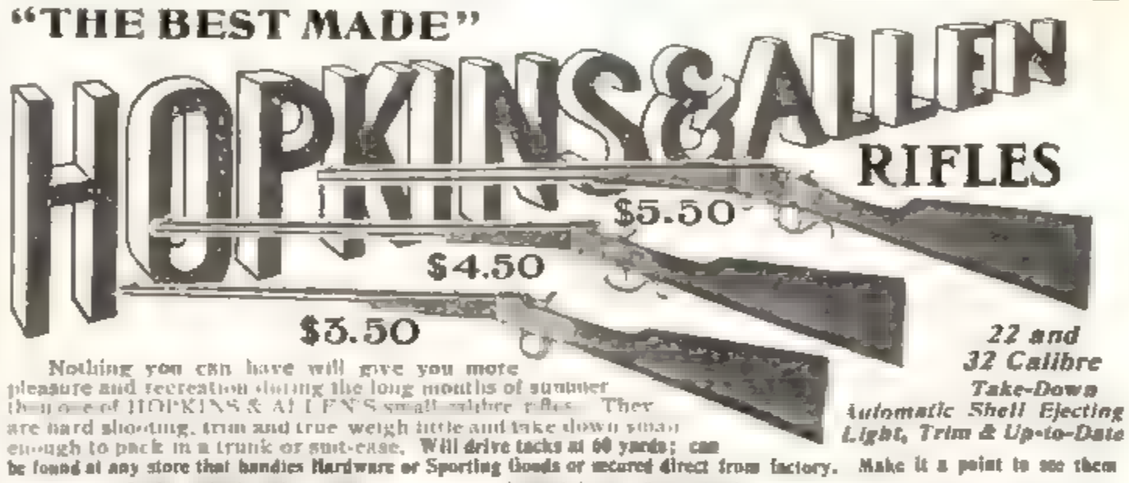

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Take-Down
Automatic Shell Ejecting
Light, Trim & Up-to-Date

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$3.50 ... The best little rifle in the world for the money is an effective work magazine arm ...

$4.50 ... and shoots where you aim ...

$5.50 ... The best all around rifle made ... A rare prize at our price. Nos. ... and 191.

Write for our beautiful "Gun Guide & Catalog for 1907. It illustrates and describes all these rifles as well as 34 other models of our firearms and gives many points on the care and handling of guns. IT'S FREE to all who write promptly

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THE ONLY NEW VIOLIN WITH THE TRUE OLD ITALIAN TONE

By using the best old Italian wood, garret seasoned for more than a century; By reproducing the best examples of the work of Stradivari and Guarnerius; By using a soft oil varnish from a recipe unobtainable the same as that of the old masters, (4) By extending the varnishing and drying out process over a period of from two to five years.

We are now selling ... with every month of use. We ... 20% to 30% ... The CREMONATONE is the result of more than 40 years experience and is backed by the reputation of ...

No. G 1125. A reproduction of the famous King Joseph Guarnerius, of the Hawley collection, recently sold by us for $12,000 ... broad, sweet tone. Sold on easy monthly payments, $100.00.

NOTE.—Professionals who have ... are free to ... free trial.

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Free ... of the ... Lyon & Healy ... contains ... 300 pages ... not one of ... 300 ... all instruments ... are given ...

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A Certain Relief for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.
DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

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Send 25 cents for guaranteed full value in beautiful colored Post Cards and our latest catalogue with instructions how to get free Post Card Album for 200 cards

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The first Derby made in America was a

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Hats for Men

THE 'CHANGE

KNAPP-FELT hats are easily distinguished from others by their noticeable elegance of style and steadfast Cronap dye.

Knapp-Felt De-Luxe hats, the best made, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felt, the next best, are Four Dollars—everywhere.

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

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The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS

MADE·TO·FIT·EVERY·MAN

IF you want to know what *real underwear comfort* is, try a pair of the Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers.

They have an *insertion*, constructed on a scientific principle, that *stretches* when you want it to, that *moves* every time *you* move.

They come in *knee* and *full lengths*, in light or heavy weight fabrics with *shirts to match*, cut in *regular* or *coat* style.

Order your exact size from your haberdasher, or if he cannot supply you *write us*.

Physical Culture Book Free

Our booklet illustrates and describes our many styles. It also contains a valuable treatise on physical culture for the busy business man. It's Free.

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Add TONE to your stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using ONLY Washburne's Patent

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Paper Fasteners

Handsome
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There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as *perfect security*.

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of *brass*. Put up in *brass* boxes of 100 each. At all stationers. Send 10c. for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free.

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THE O. K. FASTENER CO., Dept. K, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WURLITZER BAND INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government.

Prices Cut in Half

to introduce. Our large new 80-page Band instrument text-book B. Sent Free. Write to-day.

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Can You Write Well?

If not, fill out $1.00 worth of my **Patented Pen Practice Sheets** (either slant, medial or vertical) and if not materially benefited, return all to me and get your $1.00 back at once.

WALTER THOMSON, Box 99, FARGO, N. D.

COLLECTING OLD CHINA

(Continued from Page 11)

that is, each plate having the insignia of only one State. Perhaps there were originally thirteen, although we have never heard of a collector who has seen a New Hampshire. Most likely there were never more than twelve, that being a natural number for a dinner service.

It is the same with other series, notably that of Doctor Syntax. The Syntax pictures were first made to illustrate the book, first published about 1815, entitled Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, and two other books, descriptive of further searches by the grammatically-named doctor, which were published a few years later, thus making Syntax as familiar a character to the people of that period as Dick Swiveller and Mr. Dooley have become to readers of a later time. These Syntax prints (there were twenty-seven designs in all) were soon utilized by the pottery maker, and one of the joys of the collector lies in securing new Syntax prizes. "Costly thy china as thy purse can buy," might well be the motto of those who aim to complete any special series of this nature.

A "polychrome" looks imposing in a catalogue, but it may be nothing more formidable than a plate with a few inartistic dabs of green and yellow upon a general pattern of brown.

Cadmus, a name of distractingly-distinguished sound, is merely, after all, the designation of a series of dark-blue plates giving pictures of the good ship Cadmus, in which Lafayette, a very popular pottery hero, came to the United States in 1824.

"Lustre" ware is a variety of pottery which began its career by catering to a sort of Caleb Balderstone desire for family silver. Clever English potters, examining the old-time lustred wares of the Moors in Spain and of the Italians, experimented until they were able to make for their earthenware a brilliant and imperishable coating, of the appearance of silver. Then they took casts of the most charming shapes of Georgian silverware, in cream jugs and teapots and candlesticks, and, making earthenware shapes from these moulds, gave them the silver lustre, and thus produced really delightful things, now much sought after by collectors.

Copper-Colored Prizes

After the silver lustre, and really very much more in evidence for the searcher of to-day, came the copper lustre wares, of which nearly any old farmhouse can show a specimen. They are of brilliant metallic copper color, and the pitchers especially are sturdy and quaint, with an air of every-day use about them. These usually have bands of color, cream or perhaps blue.

There are many odd little points to know—as, that the word "mug" came to be applied because so many drinking-vessels had a grotesque "mug," or face, upon them. That "R" often found within a diamond-shaped mark means only "Registered." Those three little rough marks in the glaze of nearly every old piece of china are merely the marks of the tripods used to keep pieces away from each other in the kiln, and by no means count as a blemish in the condition of the china.

Old vases, jugs and the like are often seen in graduated sets—perhaps in threes, or even fives—and were purchased by our ancestors in apparent preference to pairs or sets of pairs. Often, in looking at these graduated sets, one wonders why the skill of the potter should have been spent in producing so absolutely the same form in such regular and decreasing size.

There is a little trade trick in this, the ingenuity of which appeals at once and quite explains the popularity of these series at the potteries. A large jug or vase was made, a mould was made from that, and in this mould a jug or vase was formed. Drying and firing reduced this exactly one-fifth. A new mould was made from this product. Its product was likewise reduced in size one-fifth. Thus a decreasing set of jugs was made, and no wonder need be wasted on the accuracy of the smaller replicas, for their production is not a matter of skill of eye and hand, but of taking advantage of a natural law of shrinkage.

Lowestoft is a really charming china and deservedly among the most sought for, and

When in need of paint, enamel, stain or varnish for any use there is only one thing you need to know—that is to ask for the "Acme Quality" Kind and *look for the*

ACME QUALITY

mark on the label that distinguishes the *Perfect* Paint, Enamel, Stain or Varnish for *Every Purpose*.

Our book tells how to use paint to the best advantage, to finish things old or new and be sure of perfect results.

Ask for "*The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes.*" The only book of its kind ever published. Fully illustrated in colors. Explains every operation. Completely indexed so you can turn at once to any information you need, from renewing an old chair to painting the entire house.

Tells you how to treat all kinds of wood and metal. Gives plain directions for removing old paint, filling, staining, varnishing, waxing, painting. Every home owner, every practical painter, every user of paint, should have this book. ***No charge — write for it.***

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Demand is the only true index of Popularity. The

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(ALL the Writing ALWAYS in Sight.)

With more than double the daily output of any other typewriter concern, at the same period of its growth, L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER Co. has been utterly unable to keep pace with the demand. Why?

Because users, who appreciate its advantages of speed, easy operation and lasting service, would rather wait their turn for the L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER than buy of makers who have no difficulty in filling orders.

Send for free illustrated catalogue.

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The "Best Made and Cheapest in Price" car on the market.

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2 H.P. Detroit Engine For $29.50

Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only 3 moving parts. All bearings babbitted. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch. 10,000 in use.

3-5-7-10 H. P. Proportionate prices. Cylinders and pistons ground. Crank shaft drop forged steel. All sizes ready to ship.

Send for testimonials.

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Greenleaf Garden Hose

is guaranteed to be superior to any other brand of hose you can buy.

In "GREENLEAF" all points of weakness—such as develop pin-hole leaks, cracking, peeling and rot in other hose within a few months—are absolutely absent.

Ask your dealer for "GREENLEAF" hose. If he hasn't it, send $10 to us direct and we will express prepaid 50 feet Greenleaf hose, complete with standard nozzle and coupling.

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Send post-card request for our interesting little book—"HOSE SENSE"—containing "inside" facts.

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Represent quality, style, economy. We court investigation and, unless we knew our goods, should not offer to send our magnificent catalogue for 12c. (that costs us 50c. to deliver) including our book "Colonial Beauties."

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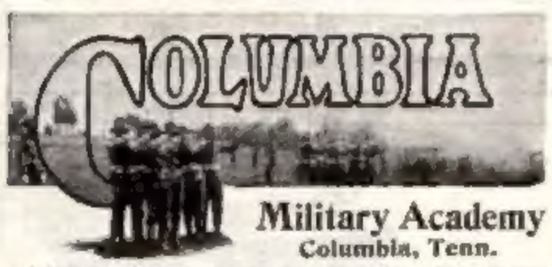

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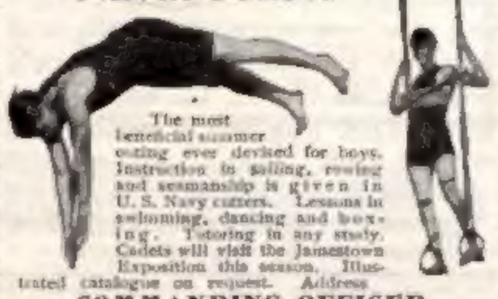

The most beneficial summer outing ever devised for boys. Instruction in sailing, rowing and seamanship is given in U. S. Navy cutters. Lessons in swimming, dancing and boxing. Tutoring in any study. Cadets will visit the Jamestown Exposition this season. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address

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Sharpen Your Lawn Mower
20 times for 25c.
EUREKA SHARPENER

A new device to attach to the cutting blade of any mower, sharpens all blades to a keen, even, accurate edge in a few minutes. Anyone can attach it to cutting blade. (See illustration.) No filing, no work. Simply push the mower on sidewalk with Eureka Sharpener attached and blades sharpen automatically. Sold by all dealers, 25c., or sent prepaid on receipt of 30c., stamps or coin. Specify width of mower blade.

EUREKA SHARPENER CO., 1307 14th Street, Detroit, Mich.

popular in all collections. As the term is understood in America, Lowestoft is a porcelain of pearly hue, painted with little flowers, most often and most characteristically with tiny roses in bud or bloom. The borders are often little dots on a blue field, or little bowknots; some borders show little squirrels. The flowers are not Chinese in form, but are distinctly Occidental.

The handles of Lowestoft teapots are usually twisted, and are made to adhere with a leaflike tentacle. A modeled rose often forms the projection to lift the lid. Lowestoft cups are without handles, and the saucers are deep.

These charming pieces are to be found in America near old-time shipping ports, such as Salem, Providence and New Haven, and some towns on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where the trade was brisk in bygone days.

Lowestoft is a town on the east coast of England, near Yarmouth. It is, indeed, the most eastern town of all England, but is now only a fishing place.

There was once a pottery there, although all vestige of it long since disappeared; it can be traced by means of bills and little advertisements of a salesroom for it, from 1770 to 1805. And those of one Lowestoft camp devoutly but mistakenly believe that all Lowestoft ware was made there!

Fine porcelain was really made at Lowestoft. It became one of the most fashionable kinds of the later 1700's. Then came the natural sequence. The designs were sent to China, and in China great quantities of "Lowestoft" were promptly made. Some was shipped to England. Still more was shipped to America. Some Chinese porcelain may have been sent plain to Lowestoft and there decorated.

Lowestoft from China

It may be said that the great majority of the Lowestoft in the United States was made in China. The color and quality of the porcelain settles that point beyond dispute. Such were the sets owned by Washington and Knox and marked with the emblem of the Cincinnati; such was the gold-monogramed set of Clinton.

Canton china, much belittled, ought to be of interest to one who loves the old, although it is not of the finest quality and is very heavy. Many of the most famous and wealthy of the old American families used it. It is of medium blue on a grayish-white ground, and it is characteristic that the plates are turned to a very sharp edge. A household name, frequently met with for Canton china is *Bleu de Nankin*.

The most widely-known of all designs is the so-called "willow pattern," which was made in England in great quantities after 1780, and by a host of potters.

The name comes from the supposed willow tree, recognized by its "pussies," in the foreground, and the design always illustrates the tragic tale of two young lovers who, fleeing from the parental pagoda on the right, cross the Rialto-like bridge at the left, pursued by the incensed father, and then journey in a junk toward the Isle of Bliss, near the top, where they are overtaken and slain by the parent (the killing not being in pictorial evidence), after which their souls hover forever in the top centre in the form of doves.

The Chinese themselves, it may be remarked, indignantly repudiate this pattern, and it evidently represents an English idea of what a Chinese picture ought to be.

By makers' marks, by borders, by texture and appearance, by weight, the collector comes to know and to classify treasures. It is unfortunate that some makers have deliberately counterfeited desirable marks, and the knowledge of this should make the collector more heedful in his search.

Values are extremely arbitrary. Beauty and age are not the sole criterions of price. Take two pieces side by side: if one is of a prized special series it is far above its neighbor in value, even though it be neither older nor more beautiful.

We were looking with a specializing collector at a Baltimore and Ohio plate (made to sell originally for perhaps twenty cents). "But mine is much better," he said. "You see, that train of cars" (they are funny little dumpy ones) "runs straight across the plate, but my cars run on an inclined plane. My plate is worth twenty-seven dollars; this other is a good one, but it isn't worth half that!" But there are many who love the very arbitrariness of it; and for those who will not heed such arbitrary tests, fine old china may still be loved for itself alone.

From Now until JULY 1st—NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These Bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

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